THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

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IS THE PRESS SECULAR OR PROTESTANT?

WE find ourselves in a particularly happy and intellectual state of mind this bright September morning. Our happiness we must set down to the exhilarating state of the weather, for the fact is undeniable that we are and have been for a long time a victim to that foul fiend dyspepsia. The phase of our intellectuality is such that we have no right to attribute any relief, physical or mental, to that score, for if our mental digestion indicates anything it proves this fact, that we have been doing a deal of heavy reading of late. We have been poring over page after page of those lightsome tomes which a renowned *litterateur*, whose demise we deplore, has so aptly styled "leaders of disjointed thinking;" in a word, to get out of the woods of metaphor, we have been perusing the newspapers. We have labored for years, indeed, ever since our juvenile days, under the impression that it was our bounden duty not only to cultivate our mind by good reading, but also to keep its growth fresh and vigorous after it was cultivated; and how could we better do this, thought we, than by watering it with the intellectual dew of newspaperdom? Do not the newspapers keep you up with the times? do not the newspapers tell you all that's going on? and a good deal that isn't going on too? Are not the newspapers the thermometers of thought and action? Are they not, in the language of all the Solons of the nineteenth century, among the greatest engines of all the material and metaphysical highfalutinism of this age of ages? Are they not the levers of public opinion? are they not the leaders of progressive thought? are they not the teachers of the people? Above all, don't they always tell the truth? don't they always have the latest and most reliable intelligence? (reliable in a double sense) no matter whether they get from "an intelligent contraband," "a gentleman just arrived from the scene of action," "our own correspondent," or "by special telegram." Don't they grow

and fatten so rapidly on public favor that every little insignificant sheet that starts into existence, and is nursed into hardihood by little urchins who run it vigorously all day long up and down in the open street for the benefit of its health, on the same principle, we suppose, that nurse takes baby out for an airing; we repeat, does not this process prove so thriving that in a little while our paper has grown to such tremendous dimensions that, in order to properly appreciate its contents, we have to treat it just as we serve our mutton, *quarter it?* In a word, is not the press generally as superlatively superior to all other created things, except a locomotive, as that remarkable and vigorous female, "Major De Boots's wife?" To all of which we, as American citizens, proud of the privilege of honoring this mighty champion of the people's rights and the people's wrongs, answer, unhesitatingly, Yes! most certainly. Therefore, what better could we do than read the newspapers?

Newspapers, however, like almost everything else in this age of voluminous legislation and strict definitions, have certain rights, privileges, and prerogatives. One of their rights is a perfect freedom of expression upon all matters of a nature pertaining to that class of subjects for which they pretend a special interest. As, for instance, if they are the organ of any particular branch of business interests, or of any political party, or of any religious denomination, we naturally expect them to demonstrate and defend all matters which come professedly within their control. While these privileges and prerogatives are clearly pointed out by the common judgment of the public, that public, in turn, is equally jealous of any undue intrusion of these mouth-pieces of public sentiment upon the province of each other, or any unnecessary or violent expression of opinion which would cause the so-called freedom of the press to degenerate into licentiousness. A professedly Democratic paper which would enunciate, or even defend in part the principles of the Republican party, would be an anomaly so startling that the partisans of the political party of which it was the pretended exponent would immediately desert its subscription list, while the verdict of the disinterested popular voice would be that its editor was looking out for spoils in the camp of the opposite party, was smarting under some offence from his own side, or was from sheer mental vacillation preparing "to jump Jim Crow." The organ of the shoe and leather trade does not attempt to deal with questions pertaining to the iron interests, while we would hardly search through the columns of the *Legal Intelligencer* for information properly to be sought for in the pages of the *Journal of Commerce* or *Samuel's Circular*. Upon the same principle papers which are published to advocate the religious views of various sectarian denominations, are, as a universal rule, famous for their adherence to the dogmas and doctrines of their respective churches. It was the almost unheard of departure from this rule that raised such a remarkable expression of sentiment against the tone of the *Mercersburg Review* and those Episcopalian journals which advocate the cause of Ritualism, because, by their misguided views, they are, according to the ideas of the churchmen they nominally represent, merely playing into the hands of the Catholics. So too with a certain magnificent periodical, which, albeit, was once, and happily is again, the favorite exponent of Catholic opinion, yet no sooner had its gifted editor advanced doctrines, which even seemed however slightly to conflict with the teach-

ings of the Faith, than it immediately fell under the ban of popular disapproval. Is it not singular, then, that those magazines and newspapers which are professedly secular, that is, which claim to discuss with an impartial voice all matters of general public interest, should alone depart from this rule? In fact one would judge from the temper of their contents that they laid claim to a species of divine prerogative to judge all things with an infallible voice. Their editors are perfect "Johnnie Knowalls," conversant with everything, from "Olympus to a pebble, from an archangel to a worm." No event is too remote either in a past or future tense for their lynx-like eyes to penetrate; no problem, social, metaphysical, ethical, æsthetical, political, religious, artistic, or scientific, too abstruse for their marvellous brains to solve, and to solve with lightning-like rapidity. They are above all the restraints of logic; they rise superior to the lessons of history; they scorn, with innate pride, the teachings of everyday facts; they are the facile factotums, the great I ams, of modern progress, and the only law they know or recognize is that law unto themselves, which is the guiding star of knaves and fools.

There is one subject, however, upon which they delight to cast the wisdom-sparks of their conflicting and convulsed intellectual orbits. A subject which ever laughs the puny wits and silly investigation of Lilliputian brains to scorn, and which, consequently, is ever earning from them the hatred of the weak and malicious. That subject is the Roman Catholic Church.

When a Catholic gentleman comes down in the morning to his coffee and rolls, he naturally takes up the daily paper; if he sees any headings which appertain to the affairs of his Church he naturally glances at them as the first thing in order after "The Money Market." He has no objection to seeing any Church news therein, because Church *news*, as a portion of the current events of the day, is not out of place in a secular paper, even if the intelligence be of such a startling character as who is to be the next Pope, or that furnished by the female Jenkins, who does the Roman correspondence for the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, and who is so nicely accurate in all her statements that she can tell to the smallest fraction of an ounce the quantity of soap which His Holiness uses in the performance of his daily ablutions; but when the paper, without any previous fitness for the task, usurps the right to comment upon that news to the detriment of its Catholic readers, why, then, those readers in turn may undoubtedly claim the glorious prerogative which the newspapers say it is within their province, as leaders of progressive thought, to confer, namely, "to provoke inquiry." Neither must they complain if that powerful weapon of inquiry be turned against themselves, and their readers politely ask, "Is the press secular or Protestant?"

We do not now allude to such papers as a celebrated New York weekly, which crowns its head with the euphonious and presumptuous title, *A Journal of Civilization*, but which prostitutes its pages with *nasty* illustrations, and still nastier articles, descriptive of the well-executed woodcuts, both directed towards the avowed purpose of defaming and destroying the Roman Catholic Church, that is, of proving its own civilization by propagating lies which are intended to affect the weak-minded, prejudiced, and malicious among the Protestant portion of the American community, and by their instrumentality to make the respectable and sensible portion of that community re-

sponsible for riots, arsons, church burnings, and various similar communistical doings. We say we do not refer to such vile papers as this, because the Messrs. Harpers, in their insane fanaticism, overshoot their mark. The American people are not fools; they are in fact the last people on the face of the globe to be duped. American Protestants, strong and firm as they may be in their religious tenets, are, on the whole, liberal-minded; if they were not they would long since have been carried away by such raving and ranting sheets. They are, moreover, a law-abiding people; they know that the constitution and laws of the American Union guarantee to all forms of worship, untrammelled freedom; to the conscience of every citizen who has the honor and the happiness to live under the stars and stripes, an exercise of his rights as free as the air he breathes. They know what personal and civil liberty means, and they know that their Catholic fellow-citizens enjoy in our favored land all these rights in their fullest extent, not *ex gratia concivium;* not through the grace or the courtesy of their fellow-citizens; not through well-earned gratitude for services rendered, political, civil or military, but through the primal, unalterable, and inalienable laws of truth, right, and justice,—the natural right of men divinely endowed therewith, and needing no confirmation from the civil power.

They know, moreover, the *animus*, the cause, and the purpose of all such journals, and the meaning of such *civilization*. They know *Harper's Weekly* to be a sheep in wolf's clothing. They know it to be a time-serving sheet, in a political sense, and the hired agent of communism, fanaticism, and know-nothingism in a religious point of view; hence we say, that we dismiss such journals as unworthy of notice; as useless for any other purpose than to send their patrons to the devil, and to make the Catholic Church thrive a thousand times more flourishingly than it otherwise would. So go on, Messrs. Harpers; keep up your journal of civilization; you do yourselves and yours no good, and us no harm.

But when our Catholic reader at the breakfast-table, or our Catholic merchant at his counting-house desk, takes up such very genteel and eminently respectable sheets as the *New York Times*, or the Philadelphia *North American and United States Gazette*, and learns therefrom that "the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican was called for the purpose of rolling back several centuries the tide of civilization;" that the "antics at Paray" are a sample of the gross superstition of the ultramontane party in France, and a harbinger of the chains and degradation, civil, religious, and political, which these wonderful people, who are getting to rival "the Jesuits" in cunning, ubiquity, and power, are preparing to force upon France; when, to sum up without further exemplification, he has paid his subscription to be furnished with the news of the day, he is supplied instead with a plentiful rehash of all the stale and putrid scandals which the enemies of God and man have for centuries brought to bear against "the anointed of Christ," may he not do well to drop his paper and provoke a few private inquiries, such as, Am I living in a free country and an age of enlightenment? Is this the freedom of the press, to insult the sense and the consciences and the dearest rights of a large portion of its readers? I indeed cannot ask that the local columns of a paper, which purports to be a general recorder of current events, shall spare my Church by failing to repeat the slanders of Protestant pulpits, reported for the satisfaction of

that portion of the community who delight in such things, but I have a right to look for exemption from favorable editorial comments thereon, with the liberty of paying my ten cents per week and getting as much of such trash as I may find use for in the pages of denominational journals like *The Banner of Truth*, *The Christian Weekly*, *The Episcopalian*, or *The Presbyterian Messenger*. Is he not correct in asking, as a writer in the last issue of the *Civilta Catolica* does ably *in extenso*, Am I justified in reading *bad* newspapers? (*cattivi giornali*), by which he means, not obscene publications, not defamatory journals like *Harper's Weekly*, which are, *ex ipsa natura*, under the ban, but liberal newspapers, whose "news" is of the same Thompsonian order as those secular journals to which we have referred, and who never let an opportunity pass to give a venomous fling at the Church?

Come, gentlemen of the quill, answer him; what kind of journalism is this? Are your papers secular or Protestant? If secular, "stick to your last;" if Protestant, have the moral courage to say so; let the lines be plainly drawn; let the mask be dropped. It will not do for you to say, as the Messrs. Harpers say, and base their nefarious rights upon the declaration, that as they receive no support from Catholics they are not bound to respect them. THAT IS A LIE! The proof of the lie is, first, in the fact that the Harpers' publications have, in a literary standpoint, received from Catholics quite as much patronage, when deserving it, as from Protestants; it was only when they became so mendacious, blasphemous, and bigoted, that no Catholic could conscientiously tolerate them in his house, his library, or in the school where his children received their education; it was only then that they gave them the cold shoulder.

The proof lies, secondly, in the fact that the Catholic population of this country and England numbers conjointly several millions. It is a self-evident proposition that these millions daily read the daily journals; it is an equally self-evident truth that these millions of readers have no single daily paper exclusively under Catholic control or Catholic auspices to read, consequently they must read the secular journals. If the English-speaking Catholics of America had half the energy of their German fellow-citizens, at least had half the enterprise that they should possess, both as Americans and as Catholics, they would present several magnificent rivals to the French *L'Univers*, or the Italian *Unita Catolica*, or our own *Volksblatt*, in the shape of Catholic dailies, which, in good, broad, terse, and vigorous Saxon, would not only courteously, logically, and unceasingly defend the rights of their own side, but send your valuable, false, news-giving, and officious opinion-giving sheets to a collapse, equal to that of the *Graphic* balloon; for, in fact, you are already, even without the collapse, as perfect specimens of graphical balloons as any aeronaut's monster gas-bags yet invented. The most you can say, however, against the Catholics of the United States, and say with a shadowy sanction of truth, is, that they are themselves, energetically speaking, too *flabby* to thus explode you.

But perhaps we are going at too fast a gait, for we are taking for granted what you deny, namely, that you are not *secular*. Well, you are certainly not sectarian, for you are like a prismatic paper-weight, which-ever way you turn against the light of truth you always display the same Protestant colors, diversible, indeed, as to shade, but united as a whole on any question against Catholicity. Hence, for the pur-

pose of our argument, it is immaterial what you are, whether secular or Protestant. If you are unprejudiced, we do not stand in need of your championship. We have a CATHOLIC press sufficiently extensive and able to defend us, and would scorn to intrude upon the rights of the community at large and the privileges of our fellow-citizens not of our religious belief, by asking you to crowd your columns with our defensive matter, in the shape of Catholic polemics; nay, if we did seek such a purpose, our fellow-citizens would not allow it. No religious denomination would permit such a trespass on the part of the Catholics upon the general rights of the reading community; and no other religious body, except the Catholics, would submit so supinely to similar intrusions by the secular press upon their rights, either as Catholics or as citizens.

But in any event, gentlemen, do you consider yourselves fitted for the self-imposed task of criticizing the Catholic Church, her acts and teachings? Do you possess that first requisite for such a purpose, the divinely conferred gift of faith? Do you even know what faith is in the sense by which every Catholic understands the term? Faith, in the language of the late Bishop of Richmond, is not an opinion but divine revelation. Have you, by an approach to the Catholic Church, who through her sacraments and by her divine commission to teach all nations alone possesses this source of illumination, merited this divine gift? for outside of the Catholic Church it not only does not exist but is not even heard of. Yet without it, you are but "the blind leading the blind." Take for instance the subject of "pilgrimages," upon which you are so much exercised at present. Perhaps if asked to give an historical account of them you might do so accurately, but when it comes to explaining to an unbelieving world the spirit, nature, and doctrine of apparitions, miracles, devotions to the Sacred Heart, and similar questions, surely you are not competent teachers. We quote from the London *Times* editorial comments upon the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial as a specimen of the explanation of that queen of devotions, the adoration of the Sacred Heart, which the Thunderer attempts to foist upon the public.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

The *Times* says: "This morning at early dawn there will muster for immediate departure one of those pilgrimages the records and vestiges of which are the delight of antiquaries, tourists, and devotees. A walk to Jerusalem, or to Rome, and back again, whatever its other consequences or risks, would enlarge the mind of the too insular Briton. But the pilgrimage which starts to-day is about as unlike as possible to that which piety imagines, or that which Chaucer describes. It combines pre-eminently the three ingredients which High Church, Low Church, and all the churches of the nineteenth century agree in estimating at their full worth,—wealth, family, and piety. Wealth reveals itself in special trains of first-class carriages, with comfortable lodging and a good *table d'hôte*, family in a score or two of England's oldest nobility, and piety in a hundred bishops and priests and three hundred other pilgrims. As we understand, Sister Marguerite Marie Alacoque declared that in her sleep a Sacred Personage came to her, took out her heart, and put into it his own. No pilgrim to the Altar of the Apparition can find there the materials for one grain's addition to or subtraction from his faith. The sight of a hundred thousand pilgrims converging in continuous

procession from all quarters of the compass, reciting litanies, "mysteries," psalms, hymns, and ejaculations, cannot in the slightest degree affect the question whether what Marie Alacoque said had any truth, except in her mental sensations. So far, therefore, as there is nothing to be inquired into, and no means whatever of satisfying a doubt one way or the other, there is some reason why these pilgrims should not lift up their eyes from their books, or so much as see and hear that they are in a strange country. Here we have what is really the startling and suspicious fact of myriads, including hundreds of educated gentlemen, professing entirely to believe an astounding event as much beyond the reach of the senses as if it had happened, or been alleged to happen, in the moon. *The story of the poor sister only describes in a painfully clumsy way the elevation and purification of the human heart by absorption into a higher sentiment and will. The child, the pupil, the disciple, or the admirer surrenders his own will and aquiesces by imitation and obedience in the will of the natural teacher, the early example, or the proposed pattern.* The very proceeding itself bears witness to the growth and decay of superstitions. Why this new object of pilgrimage? Why this new revelation, except that so many have become obsolete and forgotten, passing first out of fashion, then out of memory altogether, as this, it can hardly be doubted, will in due time."

It is said that when the late delegation of the nobility and gentry of the British Islands were departing on their pilgrimage to Paray, they embarked at New Haven, for Dieppe, in a steamer gaily decorated with the national flags of Great Britain, France, the Papal States, and floating proudly above all the beautiful standard of the Sacred Heart. The scene was in every detail solemn, yet brilliant, when, lo! suddenly as the good ship left the shore for her sail across the Channel, the sublimity of the occasion was broken upon in a most laughable manner by a stout red-faced Briton running down to the strand and waving aloft a cotton umbrella with one hand, while he shook his fist with the other at the departing pilgrims, exclaiming as he did so: "Oh you good-for-nothing degraded people, you are a disgrace to your country!" So it is with the press and the Church. The bark of Christ, with sails set and colors flying, will bear her pilgrim-band of faithful souls triumphantly over the troubled straits of life despite the ridiculous and impotent anger of every silly, conceited, and puffed-up personification of the London *Times;* that Jove of modern newspapers, whose thunderbolt is an umbrella and whose lightning-flash is the stroke of a goose-quill.

No, gentlemen of the secular press; you are not intellectually competent for your assumed task. "*He that is a searcher of majesty shall be oppressed with glory;*" thus sang the royal prophet of Israel, and the truth thereof is applicable to you in your desperate flounderings in this sea of light.

It being then neither within your province nor your power to undertake such an office, to what must we attribute your self-assurance and your unblushing boldness in the attempt to do so? To what but that vilest phase of religious fanaticism, bigotry? Yes! the truth is that you who are loudest in proclaiming this vice as one of the stains upon the Church's escutcheon, you who are foremost in claiming to be the exponents of Christian liberality, freedom of conscience, religious toleration, *et id omne genus*, are, despite your failure to see it yourselves, the very

crême de la crême of bigotry. The man who from conscientious motives cannot change his opinion is a gentleman and an honest man, but he who from malice *will not* change them is a scoundrel. The late Henry J. Raymond was a gentleman, a scholar, and, albeit a zealous Protestant, had the decency and the courtesy to mind his own business, and to express his sentiments guardedly, mildly, though not the less firmly and impartially. Through his temperate and truly liberal policy, he built up the *New York Times* till it became the most unbiassed and reliable journal of all the great newspapers of that great metropolis. Every subject was sacred to him, and no question either of politics or religion was discussed passionately in his columns. Alas! for his noble memory; alas! for his noble work; he is dead. Peace to his ashes. But the paper that he made and established by his own good genius and untiring exertions misses him, has missed him from the hour when the pen was snatched by death from his able hand. And now, "how are the mighty fallen!" That sheet, its lamented author's place filled but not supplied by a hot-headed and blatant Briton, has become the leader of all the American newspapers who seek an unenviable reputation by attacking the Church of God, in its wild endeavors to deny to her American children their rights as free citizens of a free country, while, if we are to judge of the ability of its editor and in his person of all you his associates of the Protestant press as to questions of law, natural right, and good order, why then you are as good philosophers, political economists, and statesmen, as you are Catholic theologians. Of law and natural right, as evinced in your theories of Italian unity, (!) German autonomy, and Spanish liberty. Of good order, as exhibited in the fact that, if we may judge from the tone of your articles, you, the very men who so bitterly decried the doings of the Commune, now just as bitterly and far more vehemently denounce the religious revival going on in Europe, and very naturally, because this splendid outburst of old-time fervor is a public rebuke, not from the poor, despised, and indigent devotees, but from the rich, great, and powerful ones of earth, to that liberal Catholicism which you have so carefully petted and nursed with your Protestant pap, but which, despite your fostering care, still kicks and screams an unruly infant; that liberal Catholicity which, being *filius nullius* and conscious of its mean pedigree, is ashamed of its own surname, and therefore hides behind the widespread and aristocratic petticoats of "good" Queen Elizabeth; secondly, because this grand awakening of mediæval piety, which *you* had long since consigned to the dust and covered with a romantesque monument, is found not to have been dead but only sleeping, and now, arising in her new-born strength, armed for the conflict with the powers of darkness that are stalking and devastating the earth, pierces with her lances of light the cloudy phantoms of your chosen friends, modern materialism, and modern "progress," metaphysical, scientific, and religious. Herein lies the secret of your spleen; hence, too, you throw the ægis of your fostering care and patronizing defence over those nurseries of newer iniquities, those training-houses for a rising generation of future evils, the public schools. Hence your animosity towards a system of education accompanied, as education must ever be, hand in hand with religion, not the religion of "Bible readers" and "psalm-singers," but a religion which can only be taught in Catholic schools, since the Catholic Church is alone divinely commis-

sioned to teach; hence, we repeat, your hatred of Catholic schools, because they are the potent antagonists of your forlorn hope, godless schools; hence, in a word, the secret of all your venom. The Church is the light, you are the darkness; and what communication, says St Paul, hath light with darkness?

We are well aware that in this brief and hastily written epistle we have dealt neither in logic, doctrine, nor dogma, simply because we have not come to argue but merely to state such few brief facts as our provoked inquiries suggested. Should argument be desired, the Church has ever ready at her disposal a whole phalanx of able defenders, but we, having done this much, beg leave to sum up any advice we may have to offer to you, gentlemen of the secular (!) editorial fraternity, in the favorite metaphor of one of the most distinguished of your ranks, "*Be not like silly Indians, who shoot their poisoned arrows at the sun, in the vain hope of extinguishing its light;*" that is, if the press be Protestant and bigoted, if it is, as it professes to be, wholly secular, we must say to you who control it, since it is neither in your province nor your power to interfere with the Catholic Church, why then, mindful of your own intellectual littleness and contracted powers, forget not the ancient but excellent adage, "*Little children may be seen but not heard.*"

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise
The prize, you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

"CALLED AWAY"

Chapter I.

It was a summer's evening, a cool and pleasant evening in June. The birds were singing sweet songs to their mates, who sat quiet in their mossy nests, tending carefully their unfledged brood; lovers strolled through the leafy glades in happy and enviable bliss; young lads scampered over the village green, in pursuit of the bounding ball, or as competitors in the hurried race; the water was dotted here and there with boats, whose occupants sought their pleasure now in sailing rapidly over the smooth surface, and now in lazily drifting along with the stream; and all nature, animate and inanimate, appeared to be in search of rest and pleasure on this delicious evening.

Aylesling lay in a valley, surrounded by hills that were covered with fir and yew in great luxuriance, and thus sheltered it from the cold wintry blasts.

A shop or two, a constable, a few well-to-do farmers, and the "parson," and then you have almost the village as you see it passing along in the train. But the parish itself was a large one, the parson was the squire also, and owned every acre of land for a good distance round, and, at the time of which I write, the living was in the gift of the family, one of which always held it—the Godwins.

A road ran through the village, and in its very centre, lying back some distance from the road, lay the little, old church, with graveyard attached, and various-shaped tombstones scattered here and there over it—silent marks of bygone generations, and never-absent reminders of the end of all flesh, beneath which rested the ashes of the departed of the village. A tiny, gravelled path wound away from the vestry door, and if we choose to follow this path we shall soon find ourselves before a large, red-brick house, "the parsonage," and the residence of the Reverend Samuel Godwin, the Rector.

It is a very handsome house, and had been built about two hundred years or so before this. Tall and well-cut evergreens flank it on either side, and gracefully woven clematis and honeysuckle climb over its lowest windows. A wide carriage-drive winds away in front on each side, and joins the road at two places very wide apart. Altogether any one could well imagine that a life might be spent with few troubles in such a place, even with a very fair share of what we call worldly happiness.

The Reverend Samuel Godwin had been rector thirty years at the time to which I refer. He had married, on his appointment to Aylesling, Alice Foylan, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant, and this lady had borne him, during those thirty years, six children; two of whom—the eldest—lay in the vault beneath the chancel of the village church, and the four that were left were alive and well, as was also the good lady of the house herself. There were three girls—I mean young ladies—Fanny, Agnes, and Nelly, and one boy, Edward, about fourteen years old.

Our scene lies in the drawing-room of the rectory, where the whole family had assembled after dinner.

The rector himself was a small, benevolent-looking man, with hair nearly gray, and lines of care and old age combined, on his clear and well-formed features. He was seated at a table apart, no doubt

preparing his next Sunday's sermon. Mrs. Godwin sat near the open window, at work with her needle, as were also her daughters. Looking at her as she works, I see a tall, stately-looking dame, with finely-developed bust and shoulders, and a face still beautiful; a dame whose age it would be difficult to tell from her appearance. Her hair is of a chestnut-brown tint, and unless you looked closely, you could detect only a few fugitive gray hairs, and no lines in her face but those around the mouth, and they gave you an idea of a stern and unflinching will, a will that would carry its point in spite of any other feeling than that of duty.

And for her three daughters, they were interesting and passably good-looking, yet not one of them had the slightest pretensions to be called a belle. They had pleasant features, small, and very fairly formed, and a mass of hair, light and wavy, that greatly enhanced their appearance, and yet each had a widely different expression of feature.

Any one who gave more than a casual glance at the three sisters would at once have passed the other two by, and chosen Agnes for a confidante or friend.

There was a sort of copy of her mother's face in the eldest, Fanny, and a childish vacillating appearance in the ever-changing lines around the mouth of the youngest, Nelly; but on the face of Agnes was stamped the benevolence and kindness of heart of her father, that would always make her the choice of more than a casual observer.

There was a little more than a year's difference in the age of Fanny and Agnes, and about double this between Agnes and Nelly, the darling and pet of the whole family, who could not stay at her work more than five minutes at a time, but must scamper off, and run her fingers over the piano, or torment her brother, or toss all the things in the room that she could out of their places. And lastly, there was Ned, a dark-haired, sun-browned, bright-eyed lad of fourteen, who was lying, stretched at full length, on a couch, with an open book in his hands, but his eyes roamed all over the room, now resting on the carved tracery of the ceiling, now on one of the pictures of the room, and now on little Nelly, who flitted about like one of those little elves we read about.

He was an idle young dog, and gave his father, who directed his studies himself, an immense amount of trouble.

They seemed a very contented and happy family, and apparently the rector had no cause of complaint with the church that had proved so good and liberal a present to him.

The mother and daughters were talking as they worked. Let us listen to their conversation. Mrs. Godwin is speaking:

"And so it really is true, Fanny, that the Papists have bought a house and grounds in Medgweston, and intend to build a church there?"

"Oh yes, ma, there can be no doubt about it. Every one is talking about it now in the town. When Louise Henry and I were driving through there, the other day, she pointed the place out to me. You know the house at the top of Barge Street, the one they say belonged to the Vinches, a long time ago. Well, that's the house."

"I suppose, pa, all Papists must be exceedingly ugly and bad-tempered, musn't they?" said little Nelly.

"No, you little goose, no," answered the rector; "why shouldn't there be good and sensible men amongst them as well as amongst any other sect? There have been good and great men—very good

and very great men—who were Papists, you know."

"Oh, papa, how can you say such a thing? Worthy men among the Papists! I never heard such a thing before," said the zealous Fanny.

"Certainly, my dear; shall I prove for you all to your satisfaction? You, my dear," turning to his wife, "dote on paintings, Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Titian—many of the Flemish painters, Leonardo da Vinci, and a host of others, were all Papists. You, Fanny, dote on heroes, as you call them—our Alfred the Great, Charlemagne, and Richard the Lion Heart were all Papists. You, little Nelly, rave over architecture—take all the great and noble churches in the world, and you will find the Papists built most of them. Ned has no particular hobby."

"Yes, pa, cricket in summer and football in winter," broke in the person alluded to.

"Ned has no particular hobby," went on the rector, disregarding the interruption; "but what say you, Aggie? You don't mind these Papists, do you, my dear?"

"I don't know why I should, papa, they never did me any harm, nor came in my way at all. I suppose they can be good or bad like other people."

"Shocking!" "dreadful!" "absurd!" "preposterous!" these were only a few of the epithets that followed the speech of the gentle Agnes—who, as a good Protestant, was expected to believe no good of persons whom she had never even seen, and knew not the least about. Is the scene at all overdrawn? Can you not recall, dear reader, some such absurd instance of prejudice against Catholicity as I have shown above? Even in this so-called age of perfect religious liberty and equality do not people exist who hate the Pope and the Church of which he is the Head, because their fathers and grandfathers hated it, even though they could not give any reason for their hate?

And now, Agnes Godwin is to be the heroine of our tale. It is with her, henceforth, of the family of the rectory, that we have to join our feelings. She was a quiet, retiring and modest girl of eighteen, with few likings and no dislikings, always at hand with consolation and sympathy to any tale of woe or misery, but especially those of the poor, and a guardian angel to all the poor ones of the village, when they were in urgent want.

None ever heard a word of blame laid upon Agnes; she always did her duty to the utmost of her power. And not alone was this usefulness of hers felt outside her own home—amongst the members of her own family she was always the refuge in any strait. If at the last moment of dressing for dinner, or a party, or a ball, anything was found out of order, only Agnes cold put it right. Even if one of Ned's school-books were missing, and he would sometimes throw them into strange corners, Aggie always knew where to lay her hand upon them.

But concerning this dreadful event that had taken place at Medgweston, and which had been the subject of the conversation above recorded, what was it? Simply this. A Catholic mission had been founded there. A large house that had been a baronial residence a long time ago, and which had a good-sized piece of ground attached to it, had been bought by these "Papists," "and they were actually going to build a church there." Now, had they been Shakers, Ranters, Jumpers, even Mormons, such a thing might have been passed unheeded; but because they were Catholics, a great fuss was made about it on every side in the town. It was a sort of neutral ground whereon persons totally

opposed to each other in politics could meet in a friendly manner, and inveigh bitterly against such an unprecedented instance of bravado and impudence. People sighed and looked sympathetic as they passed this fancied plague-spot in their little town. And yet, spite of the opposition that was made to their endeavors—the poor, persecuted Papists built their church, away out of sight from the street, where the faithful collected to serve God after the old form.

Chapter II.

Yes, before the second anniversary of the conversation at Aylesling rectory, that we have recorded, had come and gone, this unparalleled act of audacity had been perpetrated.

For the first time since the "glorious" Reformation, a real live Papist Bishop had trodden the streets of that loyal borough, and in open daylight and with full pomp—that is, as full as his poverty would permit—his lordship had solemnly consecrated and opened that little church of St. Francis of Assisi. After a little time a few Protestants would go to the church "to see what idolatry was like," they would say; but they were, apparently, as bitter as ever against the Faith.

And so time went on; the little mission struggled and struggled, surmounting difficulties to which any but Catholics would yield; but only a *very* few converts were made; and the city, so loyal in its bigotry and zeal and blindness, found that it could really exist as well with Papists amongst its other inhabitants as if they were not there.

During those two years, the little mission of Medgweston had maintained bravely its hard struggle against the deep-rooted bigotry by which it was surrounded, and when they had passed, it still lived its persecuted existence.

The curtain rises again on the rectory at Aylesling. A change had come over the house since we last saw it. The eldest daughter had married the young rector of a far-away parish in Cumberland, and the youngest, Nellie, lay by the side of her brother and sister in the family vault. She had been upset one day in a boat, and caught such a cold, that her feeble strength gave way, and she passed away to a better world. The sorrow of her parents and brother and sisters had been great, but when its first edge had worn away, she seemed forgotten. Ned was away at college, studying hard, and our heroine, Agnes, was the only child of the family at home at this time. Away from the world outside, alone and retired in her room, sits Agnes Godwin. She is greatly changed. Her attractiveness of old has developed into a great beauty, and this beauty is more easily perceived on account of her well-fitting deep-mourning dress. Handsome indeed she looks as she sits by the raised window, with an open book lying in her lap. But she is not reading; her eyes are fixed on the magnificent view before her. And yet those natural beauties seem to possess no charm for her, for her gaze is almost a vacant stare, her eyes are full of tears that threaten to overflow their boundary, and break away unbidden, and a sad smile sits on her thoughtful face. Her mind must be fixed on something very different from that lovely scene before her, if we may judge from the few words she from time to time utters scarcely above her breath. "God alone can tell what the end will be;" and again, while a shudder runs through her slender frame, and her words become almost a moan, "Oh! no, no, I cannot, I cannot, it is too great a sacrifice. If I were to do it, papa would drive me from his house in disgrace, as if I had been guilty of some great crime;" and as this thought found utterance in

words, she shuddered anew, and a big sigh welled up from her heart, while she could no longer restrain her tears, but allowed them to chase one another down her cheeks without restraint.

And now, what was this change that had come over the gentle Agnes Godwin? That there was a change, and a great change, too, was very evident to any one of her acquaintances. Since her sister's death, she had become gentler than ever, more beloved by the poorer parishioners, whom it was her sole delight to visit, and assist them by her charities, and console them by her words of soothing and peace, and she was now so beloved by the young people of Aylesling, that there was not a child in the village who would not do anything for her. A mother had only to threaten her disobedient or unruly offspring with a complaint to Miss Agnes, and the disobedient became docile and the unruly calm; but it was not this; the change was something more than that. What, then, was it? Simply this: the awakening of doubt in her heart, and a feeling of her spiritual danger in the religion of which she was a member. Like many another Protestant in these latter days, through hearing the faith of the Church of Rome reviled, Agnes had given some little attention to Catholic tenets, and what was the result? What can be the result of any such inquiry into the practices and belief of Catholics, when such inquiry is made by an unprejudiced and sensible person? First a suspicion of the truth of their present faith, and then a settled conviction of the truth of the old religion. It is a very old story now, thank God, that of conversion. From nobleman to pauper, from high-blooded aristocrat to nameless plebeian, the same scene is being acted anew now every day of our lives.

And it was this that was the cause of the change that had come over our heroine. She disbelieved her own religion, and as yet her faith in any other was not determined. What point, then, had she attained? We shall see. For the past four or five months, at various times, and by stealth, she had visited that modest little church at Medgweston, and had listened almost breathlessly to the words of the pastor there, as he expounded Catholic dogmas in plain English to his poor congregation. Many of these poor ones had remarked the closely-veiled and well-dressed stranger, who now and again made her appearance in the church, and knelt in a corner where she was furthest from the light. Gossip was very rife as to who this might be, but none could guess. She was always last to leave the church, and when she did so, she hurried away at a rapid pace, always returning home by a circuitous and intricate route, in order to balk any inordinate curiosity. The priest, too, had noticed her, and wondered with the rest, but wisely forbore from making any inquiry. He knew well that God's grace would work the conversion of this stranger, if she were in search of faith, and he waited for the end. And poor Agnes, who can guess at her own state of mind? Those only who have gone through the same trials can form any correct idea of the harassing nature of this state of doubt. Often, as she hurried home after hearing a sermon in that little church, she would clasp her hands together and sob out, while she raised her eyes, tear-dimmed as they would be, to heaven, "My Father in heaven, help me, I am in a cloud, show me the way to serve Thee as I ought." And He, of whom light is never asked in vain, brought about her conversion in His own good way. For a long time she was undecided what to do. Often would she lie awake far into the night, thinking over the change that had come over her life, and

wondering what would be the end of it all. Certain was it that she could not live forever in that state of uncertainty in which she then was, and to what religion could she go for refuge if not to that one which she began to feel sure was the only one in which her salvation was to be found? And with this thought would come that of the anguish and anger of her family when they knew of the step she meditated. For she felt certain now that she must be a Catholic, and how her parents hated even that name! And then when her thoughts reached this point, she would turn her face to the pillow and cry from her heart to God for strength to bear the trial, and to come forth from it triumphant.

And thus matters had gone on for four or five months, and every day her belief in the Church was growing firmer and firmer, and the end was drawing nearer and nearer. There was a little shop close to the church at Medgweston—a "repository" people called it. One day Agnes went in there and bought a few books, which, carefully concealed, she carried home with her. She used to say afterwards that a thrill ran through her frame as she crossed the threshold of her home with those books in her possession. With blushing cheeks and a beating heart, as if she had been guilty of some fault, Agnes hurried up the stairs to her own room, and then taking the books from their hiding-place, she placed them on the table. They were three in number, small and very plainly bound, and their titles were, "Bishop Challoner's Catholic Christian Instructed," "Father Mannock's Poor Man's Catechism," and the "Imitation of Christ." These she read very earnestly and carefully, and gave up her visits to the little church to do so, and what else could this perseverance result in than her conversion?" Yes, by the time Agnes Godwin had read them through, she had fully determined to do that which would, no doubt, bring down upon her the contempt and rebuke of all her relations and her so-called friends. She had resolved to become a Catholic.

Chapter III.

The Reverend Thomas Goole was at this time Catholic pastor of Medgweston. He it was who had been bold enough to brave the many difficulties, aye, and dangers too, that beset him in his new mission. He was getting advanced in years, his hair was partly gray, but yet he was a man who might well expect to live for another twenty years.

He had passed his life in founding missions, and tending them through their first hard struggles against prejudice and poverty.

In appearance he was about the middle height, with rather small and perfectly regular features, a high color, and a portly figure. In disposition, he was kind as a parent, tended over his flock as a mother over an only child, and a most zealous and devoted pastor.

It was on a hot afternoon in the month of August, and Father Goole had just returned from a far-away sick-call. He had finished his breakfast after Mass that morning, when he had been summoned away on this call, to a workhouse nine miles distant, and he had been absent all the afternoon. He had scarcely seated himself in his room to get on with his Office, when his housekeeper entered and said a lady wished to see him. On inquiring her name he was told that she had desired to be announced simply as a lady, and he ordered her to be shown in immediately. As she entered the room, closely veiled, he had not the slightest difficulty in recognizing the stranger whom he had noticed in the little church, and he courteously offered her a chair.

He waited for her to speak, although he could pretty well guess the object of her visit. He had not the remotest idea who or what she was; to him she was simply one of God's children, seeking the sure way to heaven. And so he waited to hear her tell her own story.

Agnes did not keep him long in suspense. After only a pause of a few moments she said: "Father, I want to be a Catholic."

"Well, my child, and why?" said the priest.

"Because I feel an inward conviction that it is only by embracing and following out Catholicity that I can hope to save my soul. But I must tell you my whole story; I am the daughter of Mr. Godwin, the Rector of Aylesling, four miles from here. For some months past I have had grave doubts as to the truth of the religion in which I have been educated from my youth. So I have come to your church at various times and listened to your sermons, and I have bought Catholic doctrinal works and studied them as well as I could, and I am sure I ought to be a Catholic. Please, Father Goole, tell me what I must do."

But I need no longer pursue their conversation.

The priest carefully questioned Agnes Godwin on various points of Catholic faith. Though he found her well versed in general matters, he could easily perceive that she had yet a great deal to learn. And so he arranged for her to come to him at certain periods; and to save her from so many visits to his house, which might perhaps be observed, he gave her a letter of introduction to a Catholic lady, the wife of a retired officer, who had lately come to reside in Medgweston. To this lady, Mrs. Morehill by name, he promised to speak about her, and poor Agnes felt as if this newly-found friend—for such she already considered Mrs. Morehill—would be a great support and help to her.

Father Goole did not advise her to tell her father of the proposed change in her religion; "there was no necessity for that yet," he told her, and she was only too willing to put off such a terrible scene as would be certain to ensue.

And so everything was arranged quietly. Agnes found in Mrs. Morehill a second mother, a true friend. She could talk to her freely on every point, and many and earnest were the conversations that took place between the two when they were seated together in the drawing-room at Hurstdown, where the Morehills lived.

Captain Morehill, who was almost a confirmed invalid, and rarely stirred out of the grounds that surrounded his house, took a great fancy to the young neophyte, and used to say to his wife that "he enjoyed a conversation with her beyond measure, she was so truthful and earnest."

At least one day every week Father Goole called at Hurstdown to see her, and give her instructions, and he told her that in all probability she would be fit for reception into the Church about Christmas.

And so time flew by. When once her mind was made up, Agnes seemed to become again her old self, and her parents thought that she would soon be the old "Aggie" of bygone days. The more she herself learned of the great doctrines of the Catholic faith, the more happy did Agnes become; and if at times a thought of the great sorrow her conversion would cause her parents crossed her mind, it was dismissed with the resolve to do all she could to soften the blow. About the future—her life after her conversion—she did not dare to think. "God would show her a means of earning her livelihood," she used to say to herself, and she

was quite fearless as to the result of this confidence.

Weeks flew by and December had begun, Father Goole had fixed upon the feast of the Immaculate Conception of our dear Lady for the day on which to administer to her conditionally the Sacrament of Baptism.

The morning came at last, Agnes walked from Aylesling to Hurstdown after she had breakfasted, and together with Mrs. Morehill, went to the Church for the holy rite. It was performed in a small private chapel in the priest's house, with Mrs. Morehill as godmother; after the ceremony was over, the entry made in the "Liber Baptizatorium," and the young convert had made her thanksgiving at the foot of the crucifix, the three sat down in the parlor of the presbytery to arrange matters, and see what was to be done.

At length Agnes avowed her intention of disclosing all to her father on her return to the Rectory, and, of course, this step should now no longer be delayed.

"Papa's anger I do not dread at all," she said to Mrs. Morehill as they drove to Hurstdown afterwards, "but mamma will be angry with me all her life. I cannot help it though, I have done only what is right."

On reaching her home, after leaving her friends, Agnes went straight to her room, and, taking a silver crucifix from a drawer, she knelt before it and prayed for strength to bear the interview that was to come. Long and earnestly did she pray, and then she rose to seek her father, no longer in fear but bold and confident.

He was sitting in his study, writing.

Suddenly a quiet, frightened knock is heard at the door, and in answer to his summons to enter, his daughter appeared, coming in with a slow, hesitating step, but not a timorous one nevertheless, and a sad smile, if such could be called that pitying look, at the thought of pangs necessarily inflicted on a loved one. She stopped a moment and then said:

"I want to speak to you for a few moments, papa, if you are not busy."

"Not so busy, my darling, but that I can afford to put away my labors to give my attention to you for a little time. What is it, Aggie? Some more flannel for poor Mrs. Briggs, or a new frock for Betsey Tweed?"

"No, papa, nothing of that sort, it's something far more serious than that."

There must have been a sound in her voice that made him suspect that something was wrong, for he rose from his chair, came over to her side, and put his arm around her waist, drawing her to his heart as he did so.

"What is it, my dear? What is wrong now?"

Poor Agnes could not help it. She buried her face on her father's shoulder and wept as she had not wept since poor Nelly was laid in her last long resting-place.

Her tears flowed long before she could arrest their course; she was all the better for them, for they seemed to make her courageous. The Rector tried to soothe her by all the means in his power, wondering much what this great secret was that his daughter was about to disclose to him.

At last her tears ceased. Raising her head from her father's shoulder and almost releasing herself from his close embrace, the young convert told her story in few words:

"Papa, I am a Catholic!"

What was the feeling that actuated that father when he took her hands from his shoulders where his daughter had placed them, and holding her at full length before him, gazed at her searchingly. His

senses were slightly dazed by the disclosure, for he looked at her awhile, as a shadow of repugnance, almost of hate, flitted across his face. Then he spoke, in a voice thick and husky from emotion:

"A Catholic, child, what do you mean? A *Roman* Catholic? A Papist?"

"A Roman Catholic, if you will, papa." Her voice was very low but very firm, "but a child of the Church of Christ, a Catholic."

The father dropped the hands of his daughter, he had taken them into his own almost mechanically a moment or so before, and putting his hands to his head, he muttered, "A Papist! A renegade from her father's faith. Oh, God! that a child of mine should live to be such."

Agnes Godwin was no strong-minded woman, but only a simple, earnest one, and she could not but grieve as she beheld the anguish of her father.

"Papa," she said, "do not grieve. I have only done what is right. Listen to me and I will tell you all about it." And then she told him her story. How, after poor Nelly's death, she had felt the want of a right to pray for her welfare: how she had prayed to her Saviour, lamenting the while that she could not believe in the efficacy of her prayers: how, through the Church of Rome being reviled, she had conceived a desire of learning for herself the truth or falsity of the grave accusations brought against what she knew was the old religion. How she had visited that little church at Medgweston for the first time and had heard words of love and confidence and mercy that swept away her prejudice as if by magic: how one visit brought on another, her doubts increasing each time until at last she had resolved to brave all and become a Catholic: how she had been instructed by a priest in the doctrines of Catholic faith: and finally, how she had that morning been received into the fold of that Church outside of which there is no salvation.

All this did our gentle Agnes tell her father as they sat there together, he seated at a table with his head resting on his hands, and she some distance from him, with her hands crossed in her lap and her eyes fixed modestly on the carpet at her feet.

There was silence for a few moments after she had finished, and then her father lifted his head from his hands, and, looking at her, said, in a hard, stern voice,—

"And what are you going to do now? Of course, you cannot remain here. That would ruin me altogether, and you have done me sufficient harm already by this act of folly."

Before Agnes could reply, the sound of hurried footsteps was heard approaching the room, and soon the door was violently opened, and Mrs. Godwin entered, fury in her eyes, and indignant wrath in her hasty tread. She held two books in her hands, and Agnes started as she saw them, for she recognized two of her chief treasures —the books by means of which she had discovered the beauty and truth of her new faith. Passing her daughter almost with a shudder, she walked direct to her husband's side, and thrusting the books under his very eyes, she almost screamed out,—

"See what your pet child dares to bring into your house! Papist books, heresy most vile and obnoxious," and she threw the books on the table, as if their touch were contaminative, and then very politely turned her back on her daughter, without noticing her presence.

The Rector was brought back to his right mind by the violence of his spouse, for he said to her in a

wonderfully cool and collected voice,

"My dear, it is of no use exciting yourself so, the deed is done. Agnes has just confessed to me that she has left the faith of her fathers, and that she has joined the Church of Rome, and is now a Catholic!"

"What!" screamed the mother, as she turned and cast a withering look of scorn on Agnes. "What! she has dared to become a Papist! She! My daughter! It cannot be! She a slave to Popish idolatry and a disgrace to the name she bears! If it be so, I cast her off; she shall no longer be a daughter of mine."

Agnes had begun again to weep bitterly as the words of her mother fell upon her ears.

Touched by her tears, the Rector said, "Agnes, my dear, go to your room, and I will come and talk matters over with you directly."

Then, when the door had closed behind her, he said to his wife—

"It cannot be helped now, my dear; she has chosen her path, and she must follow it."

"But she must leave the house, husband, she cannot remain here; a Papist—why such a thing would ruin you; you might just as well throw up your parish at once as allow such a thing as that."

"I see that quite clearly, my dear. What is to be done? Her change of religion must become known. She must go somewhere."

"For the present, it will be better for her to go and stay with her aunt at Medgweston, at least until the talk of the neighborhood is over. Who knows but that Caroline may succeed in winning her back to our faith once more?"

The Rector shook his head very mournfully, as he replied—

"I am afraid there is no such good fortune. However, as you say, my dear, the best thing to be done for the present is for her to go to Caroline's."

The "Caroline" referred to in the foregoing conversation, was a maiden sister of Mrs. Godwin's, who had lived at Medgweston since her sister's marriage, and who had always shown the greatest possible interest in Agnes from her childhood. She was a kind, but fussy old maid, who did much good to the poor in a quiet way, and with a special affection—not for cats, dear reader—but for birds; several species of which, including a sparrow and a tame hawk, she kept in the house with her. And it was to her that our heroine was to be confided in the first days of her Catholic life.

Chapter IV.

Next morning, Agnes Godwin left her home, an exile from it, and that merely because she had become a Catholic. She went to live with her aunt Caroline, at Medgweston, who, while she was horrified at discovering how wofully her niece had fallen away, loved her too well to change her treatment of her on that account. She was more sanguine, too, than her brother, the Rector, and hoped that by judicious treatment and kindness, as of yore, she might, in time, "win back the girl from her folly," as she expressed it to her brother.

The treatment our young convert received from her relations, and those who, up to the time of her change of religion, had called themselves her friends, was barbarous in the extreme. Her eldest sister, Louisa, wife of the Reverend Harris Burton, vicar of Slunderdale, was shocked and grieved at her secession from Protestantism; "but," she wrote to her mamma, "I am not so much surprised, for I can very well remember how she sided with the Papists, when they first came to Medgweston."

Her brother had said that he had never imagined he would have cause to be ashamed to appear among his

fellows, but that he now dreaded and hated going into public, as every one seemed to suspect him of Popish tendencies.

Her father tried to forget that there had ever been another face at his table, and once—shame be it that I have to record it, but it is only true—when mother and daughter came face to face by chance in the street, the mother passed by, ignoring her daughter's very existence.

Her former friends ceased to know her. One or two would bestow on her a cold, distant bow, as they met in the streets, but, of the whole of them, not one ever came to visit her.

And our heroine, happy and at peace—far, far happier than she had ever been in the olden time, in years gone by—lived her quiet and unobtrusive life in her new home, and never gave a thought even to the gayeties she had once enjoyed, and had now forsaken. Her great happiness was when Father Goole asked her to play his organ in the church, and, as she was an excellent player, and possessed a very sweet voice, she was a great acquisition to his little choir. Her time was passed in visiting the poor of the parish (and they were plentiful enough, God knows), and in giving lessons to a few pupils she had found in the town. Her father—guided in this by his zealous wife—only found a home for his daughter. He gave her nothing besides, but her wants were few, and the few necessaries that she required, the proceeds of her teaching sufficed to procure. Mrs. Morehill, too, was a stanch friend and a good adviser.

And so—in peace and great happiness—days and weeks and months passed rapidly away, and merged irrevocably in the great gulf of the past. Winter had come and gone, and spring was fast ripening into summer.

And, meanwhile, a great and holy thought had sprung up in the mind of our heroine; a thought that God willed her to give her life to Him still more entirely. When first this high thought of becoming a nun came into her mind, Agnes was afraid of it, and banished it as a kind of temptation; but when it returned ever and anon with such persistence, she began to think it possible that God willed her to enter religion.

And then she prayed earnestly that no matter at what cost, she might follow out the will of God. It was on the feast of Corpus Christi—that glorious Feast of Thanksgiving for an infinite gift—that this conviction of hers became a certainty to her. As she led the glorious hymn of St. Augustine on that day, while her God was being carried in procession through the little church, bestowing His benediction on the bowed heads of His poor children, and as her trembling lips sang out the words, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth," she seemed to hear an inward voice that said to her, "My love is a jealous love, I would have your heart all Mine own. Come to Me, My daughter, and become one of My chosen ones." She delayed now no longer in speaking to her confessor about this great thought, and, to her surprise, he seemed not a bit astonished when he heard it. "I have expected it all along, my child," he said to her, as she finished.

That same afternoon, in compliance with a note he had received from his daughter, the Rector of Aylesling came to Medgweston, and sought out the abode of his sister-in-law, Caroline, wondering what his daughter could want of him, and turning over in his mind the words his wife had said to him, as he left his house, to answer his daughter's summons, "Remember, my dear, if your daughter has sent for you to ask you to let her return

to her home, and you consent, the same hour that witnesses *her* return, witnesses also *my* departure. I would not live in the same house with her."

Agnes had been watching for him from the window, and came down to open the door for him herself. Obedient to his natural feelings, the Rector saw before him only his daughter, as she had been, and he greeted her as if they had parted but an hour before.

"I knew you would come, papa," she said to him, as she led him away to her own little room. And then she told him that she wanted to be a nun. A sudden spasm shot across his face, as Mr. Godwin heard the word, and it was a moment or so before he could say a word. All his dignity had returned to him. He would not be seated, but stood by the window, gazing out into the street.

When he spoke, his words were, "Agnes, you have always been my dearest child, dearest to my heart, and I suffered an unutterable anguish, when you announced to me your renunciation of the faith of your childhood. I have not yet overcome that pang, and now you give me a fresh sorrow in telling me of your wish to enter a convent. I know well that even if I withhold my consent to such a course, you will follow your idea, and I can only say, with sorrow in my heart, that I never imagined would be caused by *you*—you have chosen your lot with your eyes open, and you must abide by it. If you persist in your intention, though I do not give my consent to it, from my heart, I hope you will be happy, God bless you."

Agnes had begun to sob, as she saw the great grief of her father, and she had not recovered from her fit of weeping, when she felt his arms thrown around her, felt the pressure of his lips on her forehead, then was released from his embrace, and ere she could return it or say another word, the door had closed behind him, and he had gone.

Two months passed away, and among those who joined the Little Sisters of the Poor, in F——, was Agnes Godwin, our heroine. She had chosen that order from the many she knew, and her choice was a good one. She—nursed in the lap of luxury and ease—chose the most laborious and self-denying order to follow out her vocation, and so became one of those who give their lives and talents to God, to serve Him in His aged and needy ones. At her own request, she remained in France, not that she was ashamed or afraid to be seen by her former acquaintances, all of whom made it their business to know all about her, but because she wished to spare her parents the false shame they would have felt in knowing that a daughter of theirs was so near them. It is needless to say her aged poor ones loved her, for who would not have done so? Sister Agatha's name had as potent a charm among the poor of the convent, as Miss Agnes had possessed in the old days of her life in the rectory at Aylesling.

A few years only had passed away when the good nun received her reward. An epidemic broke out in the town where her convent was situated. Actuated by the most lively charity, and guided by her love of those in distress, Sister Agatha was first to offer herself as nurse to the neglected sufferers from the disease—none were more devoted or more self-denying than she. Through all the time the epidemic lasted, our heroine boldly fulfilled her task in nursing the sick, and though she saw some of her fellow-laborers stricken down at her side, she seemed destined to escape the fell disease. Though none were more devoted than she in the very thickest of the disease, she came forth unhurt, and the good services

of the nuns were almost discontinued when one day the evil tidings spread over the house that Sister Agatha was "down."

From the very first she knew she would never recover, though the physicians themselves were not at first alarmed for her safety. But they were wrong. Instead of mending, Sister Agatha grew rapidly worse, and before she had been ill more than a week, her pure soul passed away to God to receive the reward of her labors in the fold of the One Shepherd, and to be joined with that bright band "that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

THE FLOWER I GAVE YOU.

WHAT didst thou say to him, O heart of bloom!
What language owned thy voice of sweet perfume?
As, breathing not one sigh,
Thou wentest with him to die?

Didst say, "Young heart, that owneth bloom like mine,
Let its fair virtue in God's garden shine,
That so, when He doth come,
He'll, eager, take thee home.

"And when His holy hand hath gathered thee,
From out thy core, love's fragrance, tenderly,
Like my perfume will rise,
Thy last, sweet sacrifice!

"Ah! then, O heart! life wilt thou find, not death,
For with that fragrance will He blend His breath,
Which feedeth worlds with life,
With ecstasy is rife!"

Didst say, when reverent o'er these words, he thought,
Dear to him, that, for God, a work they wrought:
"O chosen heart! that He
Hath called His own to be.

"Keep consecrate thy bloom, keep fresh thy love,
That no hand but the holy one above
May hold thee, when He'll come
To take thee to His home!"

Didst say, when silent, to His God he turned
That heart, to show Him how, with love, it burned,
And silent, laid it bare,
Th' impassioned act, a prayer:

"O heart! God listens! She, who sent me here,
From out my bloom, would whisper in thine ear,
That, e'en as, silent, I
Have come with thee to die;

"E'en as, within thy hands, my life is laid,
That thus my lesson may be, tender, said
In voice of sweet perfume
Sent up by fading bloom.

"So would her life, a willing offering be,
If, from earth's taint, it died to keep thee free,
Thy dear love, God's alone,
And thou—His own, His own!"

If such the words thou breath'dst, O envied flower!
If, o'er his heart, thy voice owned *holy* power,
An angel's mission thine,
Fit gift from love like mine!

INSTITUTION AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CHURCH.

"God who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the Fathers by the Prophets, last of all in these days hath spoken to us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the world."—HEB. 1 : 1, 2.

THE well-founded, though not well-reasoned veneration which the Hebrews preserved for the sacrifices and rites of their ancient religious law, was the motive that engaged St. Paul to instruct them concerning the excellence of the eternal priesthood of Jesus Christ, and the unity of his sacrifice, that suppressed all others by giving them everlasting perfection, and converting symbols into vital reality. National prejudice on the part of the Hebrews was wounded by the supposition that the ancient lineage of Abraham should vanish in an amalgamation with the Gentile; above all they dreaded seeing the triumphant glory of Sion eclipsed by modern innovation. St. Paul undertakes to allay every alarm by showing that, no substantial change, no ruin would ensue, because that religion which had been from the beginning *one* through many a phase of progress, was perfected by its union with the eternal inheritance of the Messiah. In fact, in the dispensation of religious knowledge, the same truth has been the light of man, the same Saviour, either promised or made manifest in the flesh, has been the substance of faith—the consolation and the hope of the servants of heaven throughout all ages. This unity of religious truth is necessarily the quality of all its relations, of all its developments, so that however they may be various and diverse under any other aspect, in their convergence to religious truth or emanation from it, they are identified with it in most perfect unity. Just as we see the rays of a circle, although separate and diverse as they mark the extension of the figure, they are one in the centre whence they start; they are one in the round line where they terminate. It is thus we have in the teaching of the Apostle indicated the perpetuity, the immutability and infallibility of religion, in all its institutions, in all its dispensations, although according to circumstances they may be named Patriarchal, Mosaic, Evangelical. It

may be Abraham who speaks amongst the Patriarchs, Aaron amongst the Levites, Annas or Caiaphas in the falling synagogues, Paul amongst the Apostles, Timothy amongst the Pastors, the religion is the same, the same word of God. Many errors, many perplexities arise from ignorance of this principle laid down by the Apostle St. Paul. There are many persons who have no better idea of religion than its being something vague and indefinite, which may be modified by varieties of times and diversities of circumstances. We may apply some corrective to this mistake by viewing religion as it wends its way over the undulating tide of human affairs, always practically manifesting, in the matter of fact evidence of its institutions, that it is perpetual, unchangeable, and incorruptible, by means of its unceasing connection, in the unity of truth, with its origin, the word of God.

The first and most important subject for our reasoning faculty, the plainest object that affects the senses, the emotion intimately pervading our inmost soul, we find in the existence and dominion of God, Omnipresent, Provident, and Omnipotent. This leading truth has always cheered with joyous reflection the minds of the saintly and the wise. Transported, like Solomon, unto the heights of enrapturing contemplation, they always found themselves within the reach of the Infinite, in whom all live, move, and have their being. Who casts an upward glance into the silence of stormless ether, who has sailed upon the ocean when the bark ploughed up light at every bound, or who has beheld the steady loftiness of the mountains, felt the pulsation of the mighty deep, without exclaiming, like David, "O Lord, how admirable is thy name in all the earth?" Even the fool who said in his heart that there was no God, found that He was not far off, when thunders rent the skies, and lightning shattered the rocks. He heard something like an echo of his Maker's voice when tortured conscience like that of Cain, awakened a thousand accusers within his soul, changing his pallid visage into a mirror, in which might be read the evidence of his crimes. Coexistent with the Deity, and with the consciousness we have of his Being, is the necessity of religion. For the perception that points Him out, makes us think of Him, and the feelings which admire one divine attribute, or tremble at another, exact our love and humble worship. Why does a conviction, most truly the voice of God, echo through our souls? why does a light, as if beaming from his countenance, shine over the scenes of our earthly dwelling? why does Omnipotence hang forth the lamps from yonder firmament, to which St. Paul pointed as the visible testimonies of invisible things? Is it to make idle rumor within us? is it for vain display of unheeded grandeur? is it to guide us towards the stupid darkness of slumbering humanity? No, all this is of accord with the religious law engraved on our souls by the creative breath of God. All this is done to direct, to urge with holy fear, or to attract with charming love, mankind to be religious; to pay in worship the necessary tribute of homage before the throne of God. All is but a mode, the earliest indeed, of expression of God speaking to us. Hence amid the wreck of all other intelligence this necessity of religion and of worship has stood unimpaired, and from every nation a voice of prayer has been ascending to the throne of God, drowning by its loudness the murmurs of the infidel, and attesting the claims of the Lord of life to the adoration of every heart by the number and piety of his worshippers. Cast a look upon

men in barbarism or civilization, and it is in the presence of the Deity and in his name they erect themselves into a nation. The cities rise around the temple, which is a pledge of their duration; the altar is their first monument, the ceremonies of religion their first law, and reverence for God their first bond of union. Thus religion marks its origin, thus establishes its perpetuity and unchangeableness. For the principle that first bowed down the head of man in the knowledge and adoration of the Deity has not been exhausted in the prayer of one generation; it has not been lost amid the number of its subjects; it has not been wasted in the lapse of time, but was more diffused in the rolling on of ages, its object still unchanged, eternal in existence, immense in grandeur, infinite in perfection. It has been exhibited in a variety of sacred monuments, which mark not its decline, but grand progress in every age, from the altar where Abel laid his first oblation, from the stone on which Jacob poured oil in the field at Bethel, unto the lofty temple and gorgeous sanctuary of Solomon. It has advanced into age, not with shattered decrepitude; it does not casually reappear as a paltry remnant of a stupendous ruin, rescued by human imbecility; it advances even unto the hope of Omnipotence, building its altar unto the glory of a Divine person being its Priest.

Not only in the first impression made on man, not only in the universal habits of the human race, do we trace the necessity of religion, its perpetuity, and unchangeableness, consistent and identified with the existence of God, and with the worship acceptable to Him and beneficial to his creatures. This is still more clearly manifested in the conduct of God during the earliest generations, in which He spoke, and modified religion by a variety of institutions. For, when men, through necessity or choice, dispersed themselves in different climates, and social economy engendered a necessity for different ways of living, religion was exempted from change by the express authority of God, and was not allowed like other things to be fashioned according to the convenience of time and place; nor was it left dependent on the opinion or judgment of a human being. A God of infinite power and veracity has laid a sure foundation to sustain the edifice of religion. He has established it on the reason of his own Divinity, which, essentially perfect, equally immutable, must always receive a pure unchanging worship. Proof of this is given when we view the inhabitants of the early world travelling to the countries of their choice. Then they may be seen, under the gradual influence of avarice, ambition, and various passions, introducing such changes in religion as best suited their evil inclinations, and just as quickly the anger of heaven was proclaimed against all deviation from that pure worship, which had been originally appointed and authorized by divine power. The prayer and offering of those seceders became an abomination in the sight of heaven, and they fell into all the ignorance and vice of idolatry. Having wandered from the guidance of the one primitive and uniform religion, they have given us a terrifying example of the evil done by any interference of human opinion in matters of religion, and told us the consequence of endeavoring to make it a national convenience. Though many leading men excelled in every branch of learning, and were so well acquainted with refined arts that from the very wrecks of their genius we draw the most perfect copies of chaste elegance and majestic grandeur, yet the ingenuity of vice was exhausted in the composition of their mythology

and the celebration of their ritual. Beneath the shadow of the Pyramids the crocodile was adored; near the Academy where Plato reasoned so well, Mercury was adored by thieves; and beneath the magnificent dome of the Pantheon, Rome gorgeously celebrated the licentious mysteries of Bacchus and Venus. Whilst the Lord abandoned those who dared to swerve from the obligation and uniformity of his worship, He sanctified by his inspirations the few who remained faithful to his first revelation and its precepts. Providing always for the purity of religion, for the utterance of his own word, He selected a people to be the preservers of his oracles; He constituted that which Moses called a church, and which St. Paul designates as the Church of the first-born. In his conduct towards his people, thus organized in a united body of worshippers, He showed at all times that He alone should act in the maintenance and regulation of his worship; and through the agency of men to whom He delegated authority in a most conspicuous manner. Yes, facts prove all through, from the earliest date of the existence of religion, that the faithful service of God, either in creed or ceremony, was never abandoned to the arguments of the human mind, nor to the changeable researches of our reason; that no system should be introduced or accredited besides what the Lord manifested by frequent and most striking interferences of his sovereign will and power.

This we have substantiated, by authentic and imperishable facts, forming an uninterrupted traditional chain, prolonged from the origin of the world down to the present time. The religion which God manifested in the world appeared with Adam, Abel, Enoch, and the Patriarchs before the deluge. To those the Lord communicated a knowledge of himself, the mandates of his will, the necessity of sacrifice, and the hope of a Messiah. This religion of the primeval time in its simple form had no offering except the first fruits of the flock and field, yet was so devoutly reverenced by its ancient votaries that, although they were often personally offensive in their morals, they never failed in faith. It existed after the deluge and spread abroad with the children of Noah, who having been instructed by their parent carried with them in their dispersion the remembrance of a revelation, the customary sacrifice, and the hope of a common deliverer. On the top of Sinai it was not changed, but the revelation became more conspicuous when the tribes of Israel saw the lightning, and heard the voice of God announcing his holy will, declaring his promises, denouncing his threats, making them the depositaries of his law, with an express command that they should transmit it to their inheritance, not merely by a written code, but through the expression of ceremonies, rites, and sacrifices. This same religion remained with the Jewish nation throughout an uninterrupted series of holy men, who, guided by the light of heaven, kept in view its duties and rewards, and formed the chain of union between the Patriarchs and Prophets. It continued to cheer the captives in the chains of Babylon, as it did the victorious hero, amid the peaceful glories of Sion and its temple. At length, from dawn and morning, from dispensation unto dispensation, it advanced in progressive light unto the full meridian of reviving truth, spread forth by the omnipotent irradiation of the Sun of Justice. Such has been the luminous development of religion, not by alteration, nor by the production of novelty, but in the exhibition of its perpetuity and unchangeableness,

until the source of all light and truth, the Word, by whom all things were made, became manifest in flesh. "God, who spoke in times past to the Fathers, at length spoke to us by his Son." He came, not to destroy but to fulfil, not to diminish but to increase; to bestow on the nations of the earth the religion of Jehovah; to extend the light gradually ushered in by Prophets, in its full splendor, unto the extremities of the earth. We behold the effective utterance of that Word, in the publication and successful establishment of Christianity, when the Apostolic Ministry, spread into every age and nation, triumphantly proclaimed salvation only through the name of Jesus.

Throughout the extended scene over which we have endeavored to cast a hurried glance no change, no deficiency, no fault is seen. Ages pass by, empires decay, climates are altered, languages are lost, races disappear, still religion is the same; the same voice of God, uttered and identified in a variety of dispensations, whereof it is the life-giving truth. And now, generations having been thus blessed with a religion testifying its own truth by its perpetuity, its unchangeableness, and other divine characteristics, we are quite sure that no shadow of change could overcast the same religion, when transmitted to us in the most perfect form by the divine Word. God having spoken to us by his Son, Jesus Christ, whatever modification occurred to religion in the past, according to difference of times or diversity of manners or instruction, is entirely abolished, so that in substance it is eternal, in expression and instruction it is the Word, it is the Son, it is Jesus Christ. As it is by religion that God is known, as it is its peculiar office to lead to God, as it is the sacred means whereby the Almighty allows enough of his glory to escape the mysterious cloud which, as yet, keeps unrevealed the whole infinitude of his perfection, so that He may be adored in spirit and in truth, in fear and trembling; as it is the endowment of his own gracious goodness, the tangible link holding man allied in aspiration to his eternal inheritance, and the insurance of the adoration of the Deity, it has been, as we have seen, preserved during the ages of the patriarchal and written law without any person venturing to assert that it failed in its object, suffered a diminution of its influence, or any kind of alteration. Most assuredly we could not contemplate anything of the kind subsequently to the ministration of our Divine Redeemer. Prophets appeared from time to time under former dispensations to excite ardor amongst the servants of God, but never presumed to say that truth was altered or obscured in the deposit originally made. They never dared to found a new system, to introduce a new ritual; to interfere in any way with the uniform progress of religion in its dogma and its ceremonial. No; that belongs to God alone, who always performs anything of the kind, in a most divine manner; just as was experienced in the time of Adam, when the voice of God was heard in Eden instructing man, or on the gloomy precincts of their exile, giving to the fallen pair a saving faith; and, again, when the prostrate tribes of Israel heard the thunders of heaven solemnizing the delivery of a written code; and, finally, when the universe was astonished at the wonders accompanying the birth and resurrection of the Saviour, who published with his own mouth the perfection of the law. If it could be legitimately supposed that at any period since the ascension of our Lord the religion eternally deposited by Him in the Church which St. Paul says, "He purchased with his own blood," was in any

way exposed to change by deterioration or by renovation, then it would not be true that our Lord established amongst us the imperishable kingdom of his Father; it would not be true that he had perfected all that had been foretold by the Prophets. On the contrary, in such a supposition, the Christian dispensation would be inferior to the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations, whereas, during their existence, religion never retrograded, but was progressing from the natural unto the written revelation, and thence from the precepts of ceremonies and figures unto that grand dispensation when the "*Desired of Nations*" satisfied the hopes of ages, when the "clouds rained down the *Just One*, and the earth budded forth a Saviour." But such a supposition is an impious absurdity, and like all theories in faith, its absurdity is shown by Religion being a Fact, and the matter of the Fact is this, that "*all flesh has seen the salvation of God, in the Lord Jesus Christ*," and all nations and all ages hear the voice of God in the teaching and practice of the things which Christ commanded to be observed.

CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLERS.

In nearly all lands and all ages fortune-telling has, in some form or other, been highly popular, from the instinctive desire of the human race to become acquainted with the hidden and unknown. Every schoolboy knows how greatly divination was held in honor amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans; has heard of the power which the "medicine-man" wields in the Indian village; and has perhaps dreamed of the black-eyed gipsy, who with seductive smile might some day accost him in a quiet shady lane, and offer, for a slight consideration, to tell him of coming luck. In our own prosaic times and matter-of-fact country, however, gipsies and other professors of the art of reading the hidden decrees of Providence seem to have fallen on evil days, and when they venture on too obtrusive a practice of their vocation, find themselves an object of extreme solicitude to the myrmidons of the law; but in China the case is different, for throughout the length and breadth of all the eighteen provinces of that vast and populous empire fortune-telling flourishes, and is quite a matter of everyday life. The Chinese being an eminently superstitious race are naturally eager to pry into futurity, and consult their favorite oracle upon almost every conceivable occasion. A Chinaman can neither be married nor buried, nor enter upon any business of the least importance, without the aid of one of the fortune-telling fraternity, so that it is no wonder that with them the craft is prosperous.

Mr. Doolittle, in his interesting work on the Social Life of the Chinese, to which we are indebted for some of the following information, tells us that in Far Cathay six modes of fortune-telling are in vogue, and these we will now proceed to describe as briefly as possible.

Probably the most popular method of telling fortunes is by the eight characters, which give the

exact time of a person's birth—two representing the year of the cycle, two the month, two the day, and two the "period" of the day at which the event occurred. Many of those who follow this branch of the profession are blind; they are led about the streets by boys, and have commonly two ways of proclaiming their calling, one being by means of two small bamboo clappers, with which they make certain well-known sounds, and the other by a yueh-ting, which is a circular piece of copper hung by two strings to a stick, a second stick being hung between the strings; this pendulous stick when struck against the copper produces a peculiar noise, which any one who has ever been in a Chinese town will at once call to mind. The peripatetic fortune-teller is nearly always blind, and he is said by the Chinese to "calculate fortunes," for which he gets about a penny—while those who, not being afflicted with loss of sight, establish themselves in shops and wait for people to come and consult them, are said to "see fortunes," and being a somewhat superior class, they charge a double fee. They all make their predictions by reference to books, which teach them how to interpret the combinations of the horary characters, and whether they should deduce a propitious or unpropitious conclusion therefrom; of course, the blind man labors under considerable disadvantages in having to trust much more to his memory than is the case with his brother professor. To this class of fortune-tellers generally belong those who, when negotiations for a marriage are being opened, are consulted to determine whether the eight characters of both parties are sufficiently in harmony for them to become husband and wife; also those who choose lucky or propitious days for the transaction of important business. The aid of these soothsayers "is invoked by the builder and proprietor of houses and hongs, and by the head men in the erection of temples," &c. In the case of temples, the ages of the elders and head men of the neighborhood are made known to one who is able to divine what month, day, and hour will be lucky for the performance of the several kinds of labor connected with the erection of the proposed temple. In the matter of building a house or hong, only the age of the owner and proprietor is made known to the fortune-teller. He applies the rules of his art to decide on the precise hour which will be favorable for beginning to "move the earth for the foundations; for putting up the ridge pole in its place; for hanging the great or main door of honor; for digging the well and making the fireplace in the kitchen."

A very popular, and at the same time the cheapest kind of fortune-telling, is by means of a bird and slips of paper. The professor of the black art who adopts this method of divination, and is willing to satisfy the inquiring mind for a very modest remuneration, "traverses the streets in search of employment. He carries in one hand a piece of the small end of a cow's horn and a bamboo stick. These two are tied together loosely at one end, and he manages to strike or clap them together, so as to make a peculiar sound. In the other hand, or suspended from a front button of his coat, he has a small cage containing a little bird of a particular species. He always takes with him on these professional excursions sixty-four small sheets of paper, on each of which is sketched a figure of a god, bird, beast, &c., and on every sheet is also written a short verse of poetry, usually four lines, each of seven characters. These sheets are fold-

ed up in such a manner that the pictures and the poetry are not visible. When any one applies to have his fortune told, he arranges the sixty-four pieces of paper on a table or on the ground, and places the bird-cage near them. He then opens the door, and the bird hops out and picks up one of the sheets with his beak. This the wise man opens and explains to the applicant."

Another class of peripatetic fortune-tellers devote themselves to inspecting the physiognomy; they are to be known by certain characters that are inscribed on a satchel which they carry with them. They select a favorable and convenient spot in the street, where they can spread out a chart, which they consult in reference to the personal peculiarities of their customers. They carefully inspect every feature of the person who wishes to look into futurity, and compare together what they term the "five governors"—that is, the ears, eyes, eyebrows, nose, and mouth—to see whether they are in harmony, and whether the combined expression is good or not. They note the way in which the applicant walks and sits down, and so foretell his future. Furthermore, they examine the length of each finger, and pay particular attention to the lines or creases in the palm of the hand, taking careful note of its color and thickness.

Yet another mode of gaining an insight into the decrees of fate is by dissecting the written character. Those who practice this branch of the art take up a position at the side of some frequented street, where they spread out a cloth, and arrange their writing materials. They also have with them a box containing a number of pieces of paper folded up, on which a single character is written; their fee is but small, being usually about a half-penny. The inquirer into futurity chooses two of these pieces of paper, which the fortune-teller opens; he then dissects the characters on them, writing out their various component parts. He next talks over the matter about which his customer is anxious for information, working in the meaning of the fresh characters, obtained by the subdivision of the two originally selected at random, often increasing the number by skilfully adding strokes to, and thus changing the meaning of, the characters. Upon the materials thus got together he founds an oracular response as to the coming events about which he has been consulted.

Those who profess to reveal the secrets of futurity by the use of the tortoise-shell and three ancient cash, have shops or offices where they may be consulted by those who prefer this method of ascertaining their fortunes. The cash commonly used are a certain kind coined during the Tang dynasty (some twelve hundred years ago). They first light incense sticks and candles, placing them before the picture of an old man, whom they worship as the deity who presides over this kind of divination. They then take the cash and put them into a tortoise-shell, which they shake once or twice before the picture, invoking the aid and presence of the god. They then empty the cash out, and taking them in one hand, they strike the shell gently three times with them, repeating at the same time forms of incantation. The cash are again put into the shell and shaken as before three times, when they are turned out upon a plate, and careful observation is made of the manner in which they have chanced to fall. After noting how many have the reverse side upwards, the same cash are put into the shell, and a similar operation is repeated once and again. At the conclusion of the third shaking, and the third

observation of the relative positions of the coins, the fortune-tellers proceed to compare the diagrams with the "five elements" according to the abstruse and intricate rules of this species of divination. After a tedious process of observations and comparisons, they pronounce judgment on the matter under investigation.

What is termed "geomancy," in so far as it has to do with the selection of a fortunate burial-place by a critical examination of the earth and scenery, comes fairly into the category of fortune-telling, for the Chinese consider that the future prosperity of the family of the deceased depends greatly upon a lucky place of sepulture being chosen. The Chinese expression for this is Fêng-shui, that is, wind and water, and whatever, in the opinion of the wise man, interferes with the Fêng-shui, is looked upon as very unlucky. It may be interesting to mention in passing, that this superstition with regard to the Fêng-shui is one of the great obstacles to the introduction of telegraphs, railways, &c., into the country.

The man who "looks at the wind and water," armed with a compass and other implements of his art, accompanies a near relative of the deceased to some spot in the hills, which is thought suitable for a burial-place, and he then proceeds to make his observations secundum artem. He notes "the nature of the ground, the color of the soil, its relative position to surrounding hills, valleys, streams," &c. If large rocks are found in the earth, or if the spot prove to be wet, it is at once condemned, and a fresh search has to be made for a place where the soil is dry and of a yellowish color. This species of fortune-telling is the most tedious and expensive of those which we have described, but the Chinese attach extreme importance to it.

Besides the foregoing methods of fortune-telling, the Chinese have in some parts a mode of divination by certain pieces of wood, in shape the longitudinal sections of a flattish oval. These are thrown by pairs, and according to the mode in which they turn up, a judgment is formed of any future event by consulting the interpretation afforded in a Sibylline volume, which is hung up in the temple. If the throw, however, happens to be unlucky, they do not mind trying their chance over again, until the answer is satisfactory.

The mind that would be happy must be great;
Great in its wishes; great in its surveys.
Extended views a narrow mind extend;
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
Which, ere long, more than planets shall embrace.
A man of compass makes a man of worth;
Divine contemplate, and become divine.

MAGGIE'S RIVAL.

"My own dear, dear little Maggie!"

I was Maggie. As to whether or not I was dear it is not for me to say, but detraction itself acknowledged me little. Hence, with the usual contentment of gentle English maidens, I greatly desired to be tall. Tall and fair, with delicate features, and a well-cut nose. Such was my refined taste. Men, I conceived, should, without exception, be dark; women, without exception, fair.

But I and my theories had got somehow into a sort of muddle.

Here was I, Maggie, short, dark, plump (I forgot to mention that, in my standard of beauty, women were ethereally slight; I admire, indeed, the scraggiest specimens), with arms over which I had frequently sighed, they were so round and so plump, and meant to remain so. I derived no comfort from their dimpled appearance.

Then again, he who had called me his dear little Maggie was fair. Decidedly fair, understand! No sort of compromise. Yellow hair, whiskers, mustache, all quite golden. No doubt he had some good points. Handsome sleepy blue eyes, brilliantly white teeth, and that sort of thing. But the one fact remained: he was fair.

I had fretted and fumed at this at first, but it was so useless (for, with the best intentions to please me, my lover could not positively change his skin, and the hottest sun had no power to bronze him), that at last I left off thinking about it, and fell back resignedly on his inner qualities. One of them was, at all event, a reverence for all things worthy to be reverenced.

We had had the most orthodox courtship. All adjectives on his part, all modest depreciation on mine. It had had only one drawback. It had left us where we began. We were neither of us any nearer to the old sweet end of courtship. Marriage was still but a lovely perspective. The fact is, that among the many mistakes the fairies made at my birth, they forgot to endow me with wealth. That and the fair skin had both been omitted. My lover also was poor, but with fabulous riches shining in the future.

His mother was a very rich woman, and we had always supposed she meant to provide for her only child; but it had lately been rumored that she would not do so, unless, said report, he married to please her.

And soon my lover showed me a letter, where the rumor turned to a threat.

To inherit her money, he must indeed marry to please her, and she appeared to have herself selected his wife.

"O Bernard, how unfortunate!"

It did seem unfortunate. But I was so happy in the possession of a lover, and so proud of that lover being Bernard, that I don't at all think I realized the extent of the misfortune. Bernard, however, was filled with indignation against his mother.

"My dear little Maggie! Maggie, you do not doubt me? You are not in the least afraid,—this letter I mean?"

"Why, Bernard, no."

"You do not think it could ever influence me," he went on, excitedly; "that I would ever take a wife of my mother's choosing, that I would ever marry any one—*any one*—but you, Madge?"

As I have said before, I did not

at all admire my arms, but that was no reason why they should not be made of use. They were of use now, for they crept round his neck, and Bernard became quiet.

We said so little in the course of the next few minutes that I am not going to repeat it. Besides, we had said it so often before. How happy we were in the month that succeeded! Bernard and I threw the threat to the winds. Such lovely long walks in the lanes, such reckless plucking of the roses!

Ah! how easily I conjure up the lanes and the fields. Cool and fresh, with the smell of grass in the air, and the drone of insects. The heat of the day passing in vapor, the flower-cups filling with dew. A lark soaring upward, like a speck in the light. A golden rain of sunbeams falling warm from heaven to earth.

"At present, Madge," said Bernard, "I am the happiest man that breathes on the earth."

This would be, perhaps, at the top of a gate: a quickset hedge just before us, a speculative cow looking over. I would reply, contentedly:

"Dear, we are very happy so."

This could not last forever. I don't mean sitting on the gate, because that would have been very undesirable, but the peace, the quiet, the sense of being alone.

Even the gods had to come down from Olympus, and I found that my presence was requested on earth.

"Madge," said my father at breakfast one morning, throwing me a letter across the table, "read this. Maze Hill is quite full, and Florence has asked to come here."

He had a newspaper before him, which he pretended to be reading, whilst really he waited for my answer.

"Oh, my dear papa!" I remonstrated.

"I know, I know, my dear," he said, hurriedly; "but it can't be helped. Just tell Flo' that you and Bernard are—in fact, that you like sometimes to be alone, and I am sure she will be too good-natured to worry you. You can give her a book, you know, or an antimacassar to do."

But I did not at all think she would work antimacassars, and I felt my brown skin flush up angrily.

"Write to her nicely, Madge," my father hinted, "and be sure that your letter is posted before five."

After which little speech, compliance on my part was expected.

That evening I wrote to Florence, telling her how intensely stupid she would find us, and hoping she would not allow it to keep her away.

Florence wrote back. She should certainly come, and was sure that she would have a pleasant time.

"Chacun à son goût," said Bernard, shrugging his shoulders. "If she finds *us* amusing, I shall think she has a fund of amusement within herself. Little lady, why don't you mend your gloves?" And so we slided away gracefully from Florence.

But all too soon Miss Burnand arrived.

Now, I was myself not at all acquainted with my cousin. All that I knew of her, I knew from report.

"Too pretty for the place," I commented inwardly; and then I was very angry with myself, and begged Bernard's pardon in my heart, and could find no words strong enough to condemn my want of faith, and tried very hard to like my pretty cousin. In fact, she was a mere slip of a girl, very slight and light-looking, with very undeniable eyes, and a very undeniable mouth. A little girl, with little delicate ears, slim feet, and long-fingered hands with pink palms.

That night I looked long and earnestly at myself in the glass. I be-

lieve it is not uncommon for young ladies so to do, and with me it had grown rather a habit. I was always so anxious to see if, haply, I appeared one shade fairer, and I know that I turned my whole hair inside out, that so I might get at the lightest tints. That night, however, I played no such freaks. I simply stood and examined.

I saw in the glass a well-shaped girl, a brown face brilliantly colored, a plump white neck, round plump arms decorated with dimples, little fat hands, also all over dimples, but grievously brown, and with fingers ungracefully short.

Now, looking back on what I saw, I highly approve of the image in the glass; but Maggie in those days was not satisfied.

"Brown!" I sighed, discontentedly. "Brown is no word for it. Mahogany is nearer the color."

Thus I, Maggie, into the small hours; then, tired at last, I crept into bed, and brought my brown face into contrast with the white sheets.

Next morning on entering the breakfast-room, I found Florence already down before me, looking fresh and sweet.

My father was an artist, and had a true artist's reverence for beauty. He looked with admiration at her elegant little figure, at her classically-shaped head with its glossy wavy hair simply and prettily confined. Bernard was not so artistic. I glanced at him over my teacup, but his handsome blue eyes were half asleep, and his face a blank wall for expression.

At length, as I watched him, I saw the man change; his sleepy blue eyes woke up, and some intelligence flashed in his face. Turning to Florence, and for the first time addressing her, he said:

"You have just come from the city, Miss Burnand. Where have you lately been visiting?"

"Twenty-nine Anonymous Terrace. It is very pretty about there," replied Florence, indifferently.

"It is so," he replied, laconically; and, turning from her, he chatted gayly to me all through breakfast.

I was filled with a horrible dread. Twenty-nine Anonymous Terrace! And Bernard's mother, I knew well, lived at twenty. Could it be possible that Florence was the lady she had selected for his wife. She had plenty of money, and she was aristocratic enough for any great dame.

O dear, how I wish that Bernard and I might but run down to the station after breakfast, and see her off politely by the train. Not so, however.

I see my father shut himself up in his studio; I watch Bernard saunter slowly down the garden, waiting, as usual, for me to join him; I wonder how on earth I shall get rid of Miss Burnand.

I think of papa's little hint—the antimacassars — but I feel intuitively that, though a crochet-needle may be very well in my little short fingers, Miss Burnand's pretty hands are not turned to such account. Then Bernard whistles, and I flush, and Florence looks around her,—a well-bred girl much amazed. I feel hot and indignant. What ridiculous lovers she must think us!

I twitch my old hat from a peg, and half make as though I would put it on. To put it on entirely, I have not courage. Florence catches the idea conveyed by my hat.

"I am going to write letters," she says; "don't mind me."

I place pens and ink before her with the rapidity of an experienced clerk, and dance out into the sunshine down our gay little garden up to Bernard. A long happy morning; a lovers' long talk. We go out of the garden, and into the fields, and sit on a great yellow hay-

stack. Bernard goes up first, and I climb up after. Bernard talks rubbish, and I talk rubbish after him.

He tells me where, when we are married, he means to take me. We are to touch, it would seem, at all the loveliest spots of the earth; we are just to touch, and pass on. I am very inexperienced, and I have never been away from home. Still, I vaguely feel that this touching and passing on may be expensive.

"That will require money?" I say, modestly interrogative.

"Beyond a doubt, Madge."

Bernard's face clouds. I feel sure he is filial, and thinking of his mother. Some subtle association of ideas places Florence before me.

"What do you think of her, Bernard? You admire her, of course?"

"Of course I do," he said. "Who could help it?"

I was mortally ashamed, but little jealous thrills ran down my dreadfully plump arms, and I felt myself striving to slide out of his grasp.

Bernard would not hear of the arrangement. He took no notice of my discomposure, only held me all the faster, and talked as if I, Maggie, were at once the quaintest and sweetest little lady in the land. This was so far pleasant that I partially recovered; but I could not quite lay aside a restless fear, a horrible dread, of—something.

Florence gave me no cause for uneasiness; and yet I was forever watching her. She was certainly down here just as she had been in half a dozen other places, a complete success; her peculiar charm was the ease with which she allowed herself to be amused. It was all one to her. She would frame her little aristocratic face in the window of a carriage, calmly returning the gaze of the multitude, her delicate profile set off by her fashionable hat; or here, in the country, she would gather up the skirts of all her pretty morning-dresses, and race about the lanes like a child. So strangely adaptable!

To my father she talks pictures, and to Bernard—but Bernard does not praise her now to poor jealous little me.

So things go on, and I do not like her in the least, and I say hasty rude things, and repent, and am sorry, and, in fact, am Maggie all over. Florence, being sweet-tempered herself, does not know I am not sweet-tempered, and joins in our walks with a quiet persistence and an absence of tact that render politeness on my part an impracticable theory. Every time she tacks herself on to us, I mount swiftly up to a white heat of impatience.

All of no use. I seem to hear Bernard saying, "We cannot leave her alone, Maggie; you would not leave the poor little girl alone?" And I feel he is right, and I clench my teeth hard, and walk along silent, until the tones of my voice are pitched to my liking.

At length, however, things take one turn too many. "There are limits to everything," I inform myself, as I stand at one of the pretty windows that open on our lawn, brilliantly green after the rain. That lawn was a picture,—red with geraniums in white stone baskets, and overflowing with beauty. In the centre, a fine old oak threw dark shadows on the ground; and there, in the shade, hidden away from the sun's hot glare, sat Florence Burnand—and my Bernard!

Flo' was looking up, and laughing. Her hat lay beside her, and through the thick boughs a sunbeam was sprinkling her brown hair with gold dust, and sparkling on her pretty teeth. Blue butterflies were settling on her white dress,

and Bernard's blue eyes were looking straight into hers!

I don't stop to reason. I don't stop to remind myself that when I am busy about the house, as I always am on Monday morning, neither Bernard nor Florence can be tied to my side; that, this granted, and they being the only two young people in the house, they must of necessity amuse each other; which they cannot do more innocently than by sitting on the lawn in my sight; neither do I reason that I do not literally expect Bernard's eyes to be lowered, save and except when they are turned towards me.

I flounce about angrily all the morning, and will not go near them. I can see Bernard looking up at the house, and I know very well he is looking for me; but the whistle that generally brings me to his side dies away on the air, and I don't go to him. Then they come in to lunch. Flo' with her delicate cheeks like rose-leaves, effect of sitting in the open air. I catch a glimpse of myself in the glass over my head, and my features are all twisted up to look sarcastic, and do not by any means add to my beauty.

I am very angry with Miss Burnand, and experience a childish desire to retaliate by giving her the drumstick of a fowl. Manners prevail, and I give her a wing.

Bernard sees that something is wrong, but is, of course, too grand to try to set it right. He stretches his long legs, and stares at us both rather lazily.

This is our first tiff, and I feel there is something exciting in it, though I am conscious of a vague suspicion that smooth sailing was much better. Ah me! how the small waves rise and swell! Shall I never again see the calm water?

I had only meant to be dignified and stately, and I soon grew tired of that, and would very gladly have come round, but—to my horror—there was a barrier. An invisible one, but none the less a barrier, and I could not break it down. I found, when I would have again addressed Bernard in the old familiar manner, a shade on the face that had so long been my own. I do not think he was aware of it. He was gayer than usual, and nobody else seemed to notice his constraint; but where Bernard is concerned my senses are quickened, and to me it was too clear. This change in Bernard, arising from the change in me, was reflected in my voice, and so we went on, affecting each other, until at length we were rapidly drifting apart. And all outwardly was the same. Only now, instead of the old sweet whisper, "Come into the woods, Maggie!" there would be Bernard, hard and metallic, simply awaiting our pleasure to start. And Florence would fit on cream-tinted gloves. And I, foolish and jealous, could not stand it, and would let them go out into the quiet beauty of the woods without me.

Of course, it was I who suffered most. Bernard had his sense of ill usage, and a man's pleasure in sulking, but I was beyond such help. In the depths of my misery I threw myself at full length on the floor, and was instantly half stunned by a projecting nail. Physical pain did me good; I crawled up again, and then, glad of the excuse to be extracted from my headache, I went off to bed.

In bed, instead of sleep, I find wisdom. On one point I am quite determined. I will not expose myself to Florence.

Presently she comes up to me, bringing her sweet face, and her wonderful absence of tact, into my sick-room. She pities me very much, and tries in her small way to do me good.

"Such a lovely walk!" she breathes melodiously: though to me her voice sounds like any old

raven's. I become at once uncomplimentary and inaudible.

"It depends very much on one's thoughts though," she remarks, "whether one enjoys things or no. I was thinking of him."

At this juncture my newly gained wisdom serves me nothing. I jump up in bed, straight as an arrow, and the hot blood paints my face in streaks from brow to chin. In the midst of my passion I try to be sarcastic.

"O, indeed!" I say; "and he, I suppose, was thinking of you?"

I laugh in what I intend to be an incredulous manner, but even to my own ears it sounds weird and wretched, and I feel that there are great tears in my eyes. Through them, through that mist of unshed tears, I look up at her. And she looks down at me amazed. "How strange you are!" she says; "and I didn't think you knew! Yes, we have been engaged these three years, but we are to be married almost directly now; he is coming down here next month."

She blushes. Her face fills with color, until it is as red as the berries on a mountain ash, and her little delicate ears became scarlet.

I lean back on my pillows ecstatically happy.

It does not even occur to me to inquire to whom she is engaged, or anything about it. She is evidently nothing to Bernard, and, beyond that, nothing signifies. I think she is hurt by my want of sympathy, for she goes away sadly.

The instant she is gone, I jump off the bed, plunge my flushed face into a basin of water, brush up all the wet hair into a great bunch of curls, shake out my dress into folds, and go down stairs, trusting to my composure for not telling tales.

I edge up to Bernard, and propose a walk.

He agrees at once, although, poor fellow! he has but just come from a walk. He looks very hard at the glued-up appearance of my eyes.

Our walk is, of course, to the haystack; and, sitting on the top of that golden edifice, the last wave of trouble recedes from my heart.

Says Bernard to a person who is sobbing in his arms: "Poor little Madge! What was it, Maggie?"

But I cannot at first explain what it was. I lift up my tear-stained face, and then hide it away modestly in the stubble.

Presently it transpires. Maggie has been jealous. Bernard opens his sleepy blue eyes wide at this intelligence, and reflects aloud.

"How strange!" he says; "jealous of Flo'!"

I tell myself how natural it is that he should call my cousin "Flo'."

"Quite absurd,—wasn't it?" I ask, nervously.

"Poor little girl!" he says, "I am so sorry for her. She has been so constant to that scamp of a man. Only to-day she was telling me how thankful she should be when they really were married. And I daresay she will be, poor little thing! for what with his wretched health and his endless suspicions her life is at present not too easy."

I undergo pricks of conscience which send me clambering up on the stool of repentance.

"O Bernard, I have been so unkind! But what a different sort of girl she looks! And if she cares about him, how can she be so nice to other people!"

"Other people! Mean me, I suppose?" says Bernard, giving me a little squeeze, and bending down to try to see my face. "But she wasn't particularly nice, Maggie. I was very sorry for her, of course, but I think I would sooner have strolled with my own little girl in the woods this afternoon."

This is as it should be. I compose myself to listen, and Bernard leaves off. I don't care. I am so very happy now.

When I go in, I catch Florence round the waist, and astonish my pretty cousin with some very warm kisses.

"I am so sorry for you, and so very, very glad, and I am sure you will be happy when you're married."

Florence, the adaptable, fits into my new mood. Exchanging confidences, we compare notes. Her Bob and my Bernard might be twin brothers. The virtues of both are so excellent, and they are so very equally exempt from faults!

The roses are still scenting the air, though their petals begin to lie thick on the ground. Every one speaks of a fair little bride, whose statuesque figure shows soft through her veil, but the sensation she makes is lost upon me. I am dimly conscious of the white buds and blossoms in my own dark hair, of Bernard unusually solemn beside me, and all else is but a dream, from which I awake to find Florence married, and on my own hand a link of shining gold that binds me forever to Bernard.

We have risked all, and have married without his mother's wealth.

"Madge," he says, as he takes me away easily through a crowd that is wrapped up and absorbed in Florence, "of whom now, in the future, do you mean to be jealous?"

I whisper up softly, "Of all those whom I think you love better than me."

Bernard lifted his hands and eyes, like a prophet seeing backward.

"Madge, I see in the distance a host of such rivals, misty shadows in the background, softly turning into air.

I laugh at this conceit.

"Before what, then, have they vanished?"

Then Bernard, looking in my eyes, stoops down before me, and kisses the ring on my finger.

AN EXEMPLARY SCHOLAR.

Frédéric Ozanam.

II.

A brilliant career was opening before him in Paris, but for family reasons it was decided that he should return for a time to Lyons, to practice at the bar, and on his father's death, soon after, he resolved to sacrifice to filial affection his hopes of University advancement, and remain with his widowed mother, whose failing sight and weakened health made his presence at Lyons seem almost an imperious duty. He therefore refused the chair of philosophy at Orleans, which was offered him by M. Cousin, but he accepted the nomination to the chair of commercial law at Lyons, a foundation which that town had demanded from the Government, that they might offer it to their young and brilliant fellow-citizen, Frédéric Ozanam.

While filling this post, he was distinguished for his great erudition, his eloquence, and his mature judgment. But alas! his poor mother did not live to enjoy her son's almost unexampled success, for she fell very dangerously ill, and breathed her last a few short months after his nomination. The death of this beloved parent was a very severe blow to Ozanam, and is thus touchingly described by him:

"Towards the end she recovered her mental energy, and Jesus, by descending for the last time into the heart of His dear servant, gave her strength for the final struggle. She remained for about three days calm and serene, murmuring prayers, and acknowledging, by a few words of ineffable maternal kindness, all our care and caresses. At last came the fatal night; it was my turn to sit up with her, and through my tears I recited to her the acts of faith, hope, and charity which she had taught me when I was a little child. About one o'clock, new symptoms alarmed me, and I called my eldest brother, who was lying down in the next room. Charles heard us, and also got up; the servants hurried in. We knelt around her bed, Alphonse said the heartrending prayers for the departing, to which we made the responses through our sobs. All the aids which religion reserves for that solemn hour, the absolution, the indulgences, were once more applied to her soul. The remembrance of her pure life, of the good works, too fatiguing and too multiplied, which had hastened its end, the presence, almost by a providential coincidence, of her three sons, who preserved the faith in the midst of such perilous times, and lastly, the hopes already so nearly realized of a happy immortality—all these circumstances seemed combined to soften the dread, and to illuminate the darkness of the hour of death. There were no convulsions, and no agony; only a sleep, which left almost a smile upon her countenance, a light breathing, which grew weaker and weaker. A moment came when it ceased, and we rose up orphans! . . . That dear memory will never leave us. Even in my actual solitude, in the midst of the desolateness which often preys upon my soul, the thought of that solemn scene comes back to me to restore and sustain me. When I consider how short life is, and how near may be the time of reunion with those who are now separated by death, I feel all the temptations of self-love and other evil passions vanish away; all my desires lose themselves in one only wish —to die like my mother!"

Ozanam often spoke with emotion of the early religious instruction he had received from his mother, and again and again he exclaims in his letters — "Happy is the man to whom God has given a holy mother!" Her gentle exhortations, her powerful example, her fervent piety, all exercised a most salutary influence on him during his life; nor did this influence cease after her death, for so vivid was his faith, that she still seemed ever present to him, ever watching over him, and only changed in having more power and a stronger love. He had an intense realization of the communion of saints, and in one of his letters says:

"You know that the great mystery of the communion of saints does not allow us to believe ourselves alone here on earth; it surrounds us with the spirits of the most holy, and those most dear to us, as so many witnesses and glorious patrons, in order that our hearts may not grow faint under our trials. And then life is very short, and soon the hour will come when we shall go to rejoin all those who have gone before us in the paths of faith and love."

For some time Ozanam had been tormented by a restless indecision as to his future career, and since his mother's death he was in still more painful uncertainty in regard to his vocation. He had even some thoughts of embracing the religious life, in order that he might serve God better by quitting the world. As in most men of great intellectual power, there was a tinge of melancholy in his disposition which made him look forward to the future with somewhat gloomy apprehension. "The moment when one makes choice of a destiny," he says, "is a solemn one, and all that is solemn is sad. I suffer from that absence of a vocation which makes me see the dust and the stones on all the paths of life and the flowers on none." At the same time, he feared to take the decision of so important a matter into his own hands; his great desire was to place himself unreservedly under the direction of Providence; his constant prayer was that he might know God's will, and do it. "Ask the Supreme Guardian of souls," he writes to a friend, "to give me light to know His designs for me, and energy to accomplish them.

May His will be done on earth as in heaven—that is to say, with faith and love." His prayers were answered, for circumstances soon arose which opened out to him the path which he was to tread, and revealed to him God's secret designs in his regard.

A concours pour l'agrégation des facultés was to take place in Paris for the first time in 1840. It was open to all who held the title of doctor of letters, and Ozanam, by the advice of his friends, though with some diffidence on his own part, on account of the difficulties presented by the programme, came forward as one of the candidates. It was the first time that he found himself in the presence of rivals, and the examinations were long and severe. The last trial was the most difficult. A subject was given out in the evening, and on the next day, after only twenty-four hours' preparation, the candidate was required to deliver an oral lesson upon it, in presence of his judges and his competitors. The subject which fell to the lot of Ozanam was the history of the Greek scholiasts. It really seemed like a trick of fate, for the subject was one to which he was a stranger alike by his habits of thought and by his studies, and a smile of derision was seen on many faces when the announcement was read out. M. Egger, one of the rival candidates, who was particularly well versed in Greek literature, offered Ozanam some of his books and valuable notes on the scholiasts, which act of generosity gave rise to a lifelong friendship between the two men. Still his friends trembled on the following day, for they could not but fear for his success. Ozanam, however, treated the sterile subject with such elegance and facility, his ideas were so original and ingenious, so elevated and full of interest, that the judges, the public, and the eminent men who were present at the *concours*, were astonished and charmed. It was a great and glorious triumph, and at once decided his professorship. He was most distinguished in the eyes of the judges for "his broad and clear conception of an author and his subject, the excellence of his commentaries, his bold and correct views, and a language which, uniting originality to judgment, and imagination to depth, appeared eminently suitable to a public professor." Nothing, perhaps, can better show the simplicity and humility which were such remarkable features in Ozanam's character than his own account of this intellectual triumph:

"After a night of toil and a day of anguish, I arrived, more dead than alive, just at the moment when I had to speak. Despairing of myself, I made an act of hope in God such as I had never made before, and I never got on better. In short, I spoke on the scholiasts for an hour and three-quarters, with an assurance and a freedom which even astonished myself, and I succeeded in interesting, in affecting, in captivating, not only the judges, but the audience, and I came away with all the honors of war, having won to my side even those who derided me. . . . God gave me the grace to take into this contest a faith which, without seeking to put itself forward, animates the thought, preserves harmony in the intelligence, and gives life and warmth to speech. Thus I may say, *In hoc vici*. And this idea, which at first may seem proud, is really that which humbles me, and at the same time gives me confidence. A success so marvellously providential quite overpowers me. I think I see in it, as you do, an indication of God's design for me, a true vocation, what I have been praying for during so many years. My eldest brother is of this opinion, and I am going to enter, with still trembling, but more tranquil steps, on the new career opened out before me by this unexpected event."

Ozanam was only twenty-seven when he won for himself this distinguished position, and when, after four years of prosperity and success, as *suppléant* to M. Fauriel in the chair of foreign literature, he

was unanimously appointed his successor; no one so young had ever before occupied a professor's chair in the Academy of Paris. In the midst of this success he remained quite unspoilt, always unaffected, studious, and sincere, and he might still have been taken for a simple student as he went on his way to the Sorbonne. Notwithstanding his constant studies, and incessant intellectual preoccupation, he never neglected prayer and meditation; his first act in the morning was to read a portion of Holy Scripture, and he never left his home for the Sorbonne without kneeling before his crucifix to pray that he might say nothing contrary to truth, or with the view merely of gaining applause. He was most regular in the observance of his religious duties. He writes:

"I believe the Church to be above all the things of this life. I believe in worship as a profession of faith, as a symbol of hope, as a terrestrial realization of the love of God. And on that account I practice my religion as far as I can, and according to the habits which were taught me in my childhood, and I find in prayer and the sacraments the indispensable support of my moral life in the midst of the temptations of an ardent imagination and a delusive world."

The professorship of Ozanam was the most important period of his life. He entered on it seriously, as a sort of mission by which he hoped to realize the dream of his youth, for he saw that from this new position he could render a great service to the Church. Yet he had a special difficulty to contend with. He was appointed to lecture on foreign literature, while it was by a loyal history of the Church that he desired to confirm the great truths of Christianity. One of his chief objects was, by his instructions to shed the light of science over those ages which were unjustly kept in the shade, as well as to demonstrate the greatness of the Church allied to the constant progress of Christian civilization. He proved himself, however, quite equal to the undertaking, hard as it was, and not unfraught with peril. Deep erudition was needed, no apocryphal documents could be accepted, no doubtful texts quoted, or contestable arguments advanced; and great deference was required towards those learned men who had once been his masters, and were now his adversaries.

It was by respecting the past, without sacrificing to it either the present or the future—by associating himself to all the generous sentiments of youth, without flattering it in its chimeras or its errors, that Ozanam made himself beloved even by those who did not share his ardent faith. During the agitation and strife which prevailed at that time with regard to the liberty of public instruction, he preserved, as Lacordaire says, the affection of the Catholics, and the esteem of the body of which he was a member, as well as the sympathy of that fickle and inconstant multitude called the public, which sooner or later decides everything. Youth crowded eagerly round his chair, and not only has his memory lived in the hearts of all who thus knew him, but reflections of the teaching of this modest and great professor may be seen in many of the best contemporaneous writings; for the great moral influence which he exercised on the souls of those who heard him was not less remarkable than that which he exercised over their intellects. "Do I make men learned?" he said. "I know not; I should like to do so; but what I seek to do, and what I desire above everything, is to make them Christians."

One great secret of Ozanam's rare popularity was his unvarying gentleness; for, while always immovable in his personal religious convictions, he ever used the most

persuasive language in trying to spread them. There was not a shade of bitterness or harshness in his piety; he respected honesty and talent wherever he met with them; and no man ever practiced more scrupulously the beautiful precept, *In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.*

A submissive child of the Church in all matters of faith, he was still a man of his time, and his study of history had taught him that the Church, while ever unchanging in doctrinal unity, had, during the course of ages, adapted herself to different systems of society and opposite forms of government. This fervent Catholic was a partisan of liberty, and a defender of the vital idea of progress.

"The thought of progress (he writes) is not a Pagan thought; it is with the Gospel that we see the commencement of the doctrine of progress. The Gospel not only inculcates the perfectibility of man, but it makes a law of it. 'Be perfect'—*Estote perfecti.* This precept destines man to an unending progress, for it places its term in infinity. 'Be perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect.' This law of man becomes also a law of society. St. Paul, comparing the Church to a great body, desires that it may 'grow up in Him who is the Head, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ.' A Father of the Church, Vincent de Lerins, after having established the immutability of Catholic dogma, asks, 'Shall there, then, be no progress in the Church of Christ? There shall,' he answers; 'and even great progress, for who would be so jealous of the good of mankind, or so offensive to God, as to prevent this progress? But let it be *progress*, and not *change*. In every age there must be a constant growth of intelligence, of wisdom, and of science for each as for all.'"

It is very rarely that men are gifted with the combined eloquence and learning which Ozanam possessed in such an eminent degree, that the one seemed as natural to him as the other. We are told that when he appeared in his place in the Hall of the Sorbonne, his face was pale, his voice weak and almost trembling, his eyes cast down, and his gestures slightly embarrassed; but he was soon carried away by his subject, which had always been deeply and thoroughly studied; and warming by degrees under the empire of some elevated or generous sentiment, he lost all his natural timidity, and breaking forth into eloquence, in which mingled solidity and elegance, poetic exaltation and deep religious feeling, ardent enthusiasm and vigor of expression, he for the time raised the professor's chair to the level of the orator's tribune or the Christian pulpit, and there passed through his audience one of those thrills which are the most incontestable, because the most involuntary, testimonies to eloquence. His lectures were frequently interrupted by bursts of applause, and at their close he was received with warm and loud acclamations.

Ozanam's health was giving way under the pressure of intellectual labor, and in order to recruit his failing strength, he sought repose and enjoyment in Italy, where he spent the winter of 1846–7. He had visited it once with his mother, and again in 1841, on the occasion of his marriage to Mdlle. Soulacroix, daughter of the Rector of the Academy of Lyons. A child of Italy by the circumstances of his birth, he was enthusiastically fond of that country, the language of which was familiar to him as a mother tongue. He had a special attraction to Umbria, and its mystic schools of painting and poetry of the thirteenth century, and he brought back from this last journey all the elements of his graceful and charming essays on the Franciscan poets.

While at Rome he and his wife had a private audience of the Holy Father, for whom he had the most profound veneration; and he relates with delight, that, in imitation of her parents, his little child, only

eighteen months old, knelt of her own accord before him with her hands joined, just as if she recognized in the Pope the representative of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come to Me." In one of his letters, he gives an account of a Mass at St. Apollinari, the Church of the Seminary, where the Pope went to officiate. After describing the first part of the ceremony, he goes on to say:

"Up to this time all had been edifying, but it became sublime when the Pope, after giving the communion to the ecclesiastics, signified his desire to give it to the people. Then the guards made way, and the Sovereign Pontiff came down from the altar, holding the Blessed Sacrament in his hands. At the same time there was a movement in the crowd, which pressed forward to kneel at the Holy Table. The steps were closely filled with a double row of the faithful. All were devout and affected, even to tears. There was no distinction of persons. There were in that crowd the Queen Dowager of Saxony and Italian peasants, men and women of different nations, and my Amèlie side by side with me, as we have always been in happiness as in sorrow, as we hope to be till the end of our lives, and even after this life. What would we not have given to have had with us all those we love! The sacred procession approached us. I saw the beautiful countenance of Pius the Ninth illuminated by the torches, deeply moved by the solemnity of the moment, and more noble, more full of gentleness than ever. I kissed his ring, the ring of the fisherman which, for eighteen centuries, has sealed so many immortal acts. Then I tried to see nothing more, to forget all else, and think only of Him who is the Master of us all, and before whom Pontiffs are but as dust! Half an hour after, when the Mass of Thanksgiving had been said, the Pope went out in the midst of the kneeling crowd which was waiting to receive his blessing."

Ozanam looked upon it as a great happiness of his life to have been during that year at Rome, and to have witnessed the glorious early days of the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth. The evening before they left the Eternal City, he was deeply impressed by one of those popular ovations which were then not unfrequent. Its object was to thank the Pope for a new Edict which he had just proclaimed, and an immense multitude had assembled with torches and music in the Piazza in front of the Quirinal, and was waiting till the Pope should show himself. Soon one of the windows of the palace was opened, and the Sovereign Pontiff, accompanied by two prelates, appeared in the balcony. He was saluted by the loudest and most vehement cheering, women waved their handkerchiefs and men their hats. On all sides rose the cry, "Viva Pio Nono!" But on a sign from the Pope, nothing was heard but the word *zitto* (hush), and in less than a minute the most profound silence reigned throughout that excited crowd. Then the voice of the Pontiff was raised to bless his people, and when stretching out his hand to make the sign of the cross, he pronounced the solemn words, a loud *Amen* was echoed from one end of the Piazza to the other. It was a wonderful spectacle. All Rome was there at that late evening hour, praying with its Bishop under a splendid starlit sky. When the Pope withdrew from the balcony, the torches were all extinguished in a moment, the crowd dispersed quietly without disorder, and nothing remained of that brilliant scene but a few Bengal lights, which flickered on some of the terraces of the neighboring palaces.

In the beginning of the following year, being once more in Paris, Ozanam was busily engaged in setting on foot the *Ere Nouvelle*, a newspaper which had a brilliant but short career, though it was cordially and ably supported by the Père Lacordaire, and had received the Archbishop's approbation. To this occupation and that of his "Cours" were added his fatiguing military duties as national guard, for we have now come to the bloody days of June, when fearful civil war was

raging in Paris. At this stormy period, when his heart was filled with anguish at the state of his unhappy country, the thought occurred to Ozanam that the intervention of the Archbishop as a mediator might have a good effect on the insurgents, and he and two of his friends went immediately to propose this scheme to Mgr. Affre. Monseigneur received them with his usual kindness, and after listening to their project, he quietly answered, "I have been haunted by that thought since yesterday, but how can I get at the insurgents? And would General Cavaignac permit such a proceeding?" On hearing their explanations, he immediately put on his violet cassock, and his gold cross on his breast, and thus attired he accompanied Ozanam and his friends to the National Assembly, where General Cavaignac was to be found. Cavaignac received the Archbishop with respect and admiration, and gave him a proclamation to the insurgents, containing a promise of pardon if they laid down their arms. At the same time he pointed out to him the great danger to which he was about to expose himself, and told him that General Bréa, who had been sent as envoy, had just been taken prisoner by the mob. But nothing could turn Mgr. Affre from his resolution, and his only answer was heroic in its simplicity, "*J'irai.*" He went home to take a little rest and refreshment, and to make his confession as if he were about to die. Then, positively refusing the escort of Ozanam, Cornudet, and Bailly, who begged to accompany him, he started alone with his *grand vicaire*, commenting on the way those words of Holy Scripture, "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep." When the saintly Archbishop had reached the first barricade, he ascended it, holding in his hand the promise of pardon. A fatal shot struck him at that moment, and as he fell he uttered these words, "Oh, that my blood may be the last that shall be shed!"

During the next four years, Ozanam gave a series of lectures on the Civilization of the Fifth Century, which have since been published, and are, perhaps, the most remarkable of all his works. He also published his *Etudes Germaniques*, and was a constant contributor to the *Correspondant*, and other periodicals. His Commentaries on the *Divina Comedia* are also very valuable additions to the literature of our time, and it is owing to his efforts that Dante has become in France one of the best known of foreign poets, for Ozanam was the real promoter of that movement, which produced so many charming and talented works on the Dantesque poetry. At the same time, he was still actively employed in superintending his Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and in other works of charity. He never neglected visiting the poor, treating them always with kindness and affectionate respect. On Easter Day, he was in the habit of giving them little presents, a crucifix, a statue of Our Lady, or some little luxury chosen for the occasion. One New Year's Day, the last he spent in Paris, he told his wife of a family of poor people who had once been in easy circumstances, but who, through great misfortunes, were now obliged to pawn their wardrobe, the last remains of better days, and said that he should like to give it back to them for a New Year's gift. His wife dissuaded him from his plan, for very plausible reasons, but in the evening Ozanam was out of spirits; he looked sadly at the toys which were heaped up at the feet of his little girl, and he would not touch the bonbons which she offered to him. It was easy to see that he

regretted the good work which he had omitted in the morning. His wife then entreating him to follow out his original intention, he went off immediately to redeem the piece of furniture, and, after accompanying it himself to the house of the poor family, he returned home quite happy. Ozanam was very simple in his tastes, and a stranger to all luxury, but he was extremely particular in having some extra delicacy on his table on Sundays and feast days. Rare books and fine engravings were temptations he could not always resist, as well as the occasional acquisition of any little painting which, by its beauty, captivated his fancy. He was very fond of flowers, and liked to have them near him on his desk, and on the 23d of every month, which was a date dear to him as being that of his marriage, he never failed to offer some beautiful plants to his wife. Even on the eve of his death he did not forget to do this, and on the month which preceded it, being then at the little village of Antignano, he sent for a branch of myrtle which he had observed growing by the seaside, that he might give it to her, who for twelve years had been the delight and the solace of his life.

We come now to the spring of 1852. Ozanam had been ill, and a violent attack of fever obliged him to keep his bed on the day on which he was to give the opening lesson at the Sorbonne. He heard that the students were discontented at his absence, and without any consideration for its cause, were, with the heedlessness of youth, clamoring loudly for their professor. Notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends, the prohibitions of his physician, and the tears of his wife, he got up, dressed himself, and went to the Sorbonne, saying, "I wish to do credit to my profession." When he entered the hall, pale and exhausted, more like a corpse than a living man, the crowd was filled with admiration mixed with remorse, and he was received with frantic applause. Never had he been so eloquent. This great demonstration of sympathy and affection seemed for the time to give him back the strength which for some months had forsaken him, and he quite outdid himself on this last occasion. He paused a moment at the close of the lecture, and then exclaimed, "Our age is reproached for being an age of egoism, and it is said that the professors are infected with the general epidemic. Yet, it is here that we impair our health, it is here that we wear out our strength. I do not complain of this; our life belongs to you, we owe it to you till our last breath, and you shall have it. As for me, if I die, it shall be in your service." Such were the adieux of Ozanam to the audience which had loved and applauded him for twelve years. He came down from his chair, never again to appear there. A dangerous attack of pleurisy, in which he lingered for some time between life and death, cut short his brilliant career, for his health was now completely broken, and he never rallied sufficiently to resume his professional duties.

While on this bed of sickness, Ozanam, in the tenderness of his heart and in his zealous love for the truth, still found courage to write a very earnest and eloquent exposition of his faith to a friend of his youth who had fallen into doubt. This letter, which we give almost entirely, cannot fail to interest the reader.

"PARIS, June 16, 1852.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Forgive me for having left you so long without an answer; your friendship will find many excuses for me.

"When you came to shake me by the hand I was already very unwell, but that was only the beginning of a very serious

illness. A fortnight later, after an obstinate fever, a dangerous kind of pleurisy declared itself, which might have ended badly, had not the skill and tenderness of my brother, the care of all my family, the prayers of all my friends, and, above all, the mercy of God, arrested the progress of the malady. A tedious convalescence succeeded this violent attack, and I am still so far from well that I am to be sent to the waters in the Pyrenees; afterwards I shall spend the autumn by the seaside, and perhaps winter in the south. It is a great misfortune to have all my labors suspended, and my career interrupted, just at the time I was going to present myself as a candidate for the Academy, but we must learn to make sacrifices when God requires them, and ask Him that we may do His will as it is done in heaven, joyfully and lovingly. What, in fact, are my griefs in comparison with the afflictions of our unfortunate L—, who has become blind when he seemed to be the only support of his aged mother? Alas, I have not been able to see this poor fellow again; but since you were here, my brother has been to the Necker Hospital, where he talked with the Sœur Adelaide, and they came to the sad conclusion that he must go into the Incurable Hospital, which is the only asylum for so desperate a case. You have been very good and very generous, my dear friend, to our former colleague; he will be grateful to you, and will pray for you. And I also, unworthy as I am, will pray for you, since you desire it. Ah, what touching recollections you bring to my mind. No, I have not forgotten the sweetness of that Christmas night, nor all the pleasant intercourse with you and L—, when, young and full of fervent love for the only truth, we conversed together on eternal things. Allow me to say, my dear friend, that even then we began to perceive with sadness that doubt was introducing itself into your mind; but we knew your heart to be so upright, your sentiments so elevated, that we felt sure that sooner or later this trial would turn to your good, and the peace of faith would be restored to your soul. Who knows if that moment be not now come? You have sought in all sincerity to solve your difficulties, and without success. But, my dear friend, the difficulties of religion are like those of science: they always exist. It is a great thing to clear up some of them, but no life would suffice to exhaust them. To be able to explain all the questions which may be raised on Holy Scripture, would require a thorough acquaintance with the Oriental languages. To answer all the objections made by Protestants, it would be necessary to study the history of the Church in all its minutest details, or rather the universal history of modern times. Occupied as you are, you could never settle all the doubts that your active and ingenious imagination would never cease to stir up, to torment your heart and your mind. Happily, God does not give certainty at such a price. What, then, is to be done? To do in the matter of religion what we do in the matter of science—assure ourselves of a certain number of truths which are proved, and leave objections to the study of the learned. I firmly believe that the earth turns round, yet I know that this doctrine has its difficulties; astronomers explain them, and if they do not explain them all, the future will do the rest. Thus with the Bible: it is set thick with difficult questions, but some have been settled for a long while; others, till now considered insoluble, have found their answer in our day; many remain, but God permits this, to keep the human mind at work, and to exercise the activity of future ages.

"No; God can never require that religious truth—the necessary nourishment of our souls—should be the fruit of long researches, which are impossible for the great mass of the ignorant, and difficult even for the learned. Truth must be within reach of the simple, and religion must rest upon proofs accessible to the humblest of men. As for myself, after many doubts, and after having often watered my pillow with tears of despair, I have settled my faith on reasoning which would be intelligible to a mason or a coal-heaver. I say to myself, that as all nations have a religion, good or bad, religion is therefore a universal, perpetual, and, consequently, a legitimate need of mankind. God, who implanted that need, has promised to satisfy it. There is, therefore, one true religion. Now, among the religions which divide the world, it does not require either lengthened studies, or discussion of facts, to be certain that Christianity is supremely the best, and that it alone can lead man to his highest moral destiny. But in Christianity there are three bodies—the Protestant, the Greek, and the Catholic Church; that is to say, anarchy, despotism, and order. The choice is not difficult, and the truth of Catholicism needs no other demonstration.

"Here, my dear friend, is briefly the reasoning which opens to me the gates of faith. But once entered in, I am illuminated with a new light, and still more

deeply convinced by the interior proofs of Christianity. By these I mean that experience of every day, which makes me find in the faith of my childhood all the strength and light of my mature age, all the sanctification of my domestic joys, and my consolation in all my sorrows. Even if all the earth should have abjured Christ, there is in the ineffable sweetness of one communion, and in the tears it causes me to shed, a power of conviction which would make me still embrace the Cross and defy the incredulity of all the world. But I am far from such a trial, for, on the contrary, how strongly does this Christian faith—which some people represent as extinct—act among men! You do not, perhaps, sufficiently know, my dear friend, how much the Saviour of the world is still loved, and how this love produces self-sacrifice and virtues which equal those of the first ages of the Church. I will only cite the young priests who I see leaving the Seminary of Foreign Missions to go and die in China, to die like St. Cyprian and St. Irenæus, and those Anglican convert clergymen who give up livings worth thousands a year, and who come to Paris to give lessons for the maintenance of their wives and children. . . .

"Independently of this interior evidence, I have studied the history of Christianity for the last ten years, and every step which I take in those studies strengthens my convictions. I read the Fathers, and I am charmed with the moral beauties and the philosophical clearness, which quite dazzle me. I examine the dark ages, and I there see the wisdom and magnanimity of the Church. I do not deny the disorders of the middle ages, but I am convinced that Catholic truth alone struggled there against the evil, and drew forth from that chaos the prodigies of genius and virtue which we admire. I am enthusiastic about the legitimate conquests of modern ideas. I love liberty, and have served its cause, but I believe it is to the Gospel that we owe liberty, equality, and fraternity. I have had both leisure and means to study the difficulties on these different points, and they have been made clear to me. But I did not require this, and if other duties had stood in the way of these historical studies, in which I found so much interest, I should have reasoned about them as I reason about the exegetical studies which are beyond my reach. I believe in the truth of Christianity; therefore, if there are objections, I believe that they will be explained sooner or later; I even believe that some will never be explained, for Christianity treats of the relations of the finite with the infinite, and we shall never understand infinity. All that my reason can exact is that I shall not force it to believe in anything absurd. Now there can be no philosophical absurdity in a religion which satisfied the intelligence of Descartes and of Bossuet, or moral absurdity in a belief which sanctified St. Vincent de Paul, or philological absurdity in an interpretation of Scripture which contented the critical mind of Sylvestre de Sacy. Some men of our day cannot bear the dogma of eternal punishment—they find it inhuman. But do they think that they love mankind better, or have a more exact consciousness as to justice and injustice, than St. Augustine and St. Thomas, St. Francis of Assisi and St. François de Sales? It is not, then, that they love mankind better; it is that they have a less lively sentiment of the hatefulness of sin and of the justice of God.

"Oh, my friend, do not let us lose ourselves in endless discussions. We have not two lives—one for seeking the truth, the other for practicing it. For this reason Christ does not wait to be sought for. He is ever present in that Christian society which surrounds you; He is before you, He is near you. You will soon be forty years old; it is time for you to decide. Yield yourself to that Saviour who invites you; lay hold on His faith as your friends have done. In it you will find peace; your doubts will vanish away as mine did. So little is wanting to make you an excellent Christian! It only needs an act of your will; to believe is to will. Make this act; make it at the feet of the priest, who will call down grace from heaven to confirm your vacillating will. Take courage, dear friend, and that faith which you admire in our poor friend L—, which consoles him in his great affliction, will add infinite joy to your prosperity. Be happy and Christian; that is the prayer of your friend."

During his partial convalescence, Ozanam might occasionally be seen walking in those beautiful alleys of the Luxembourg, where his friends and colleagues had so often escorted him on the way to his brilliant triumphs at the Sarbonne. The irresistible smile which won all hearts, still played about his lips, but his bearing, his voice, his whole appearance, showed only too plainly to those passers-by who knew him, that he was but the shadow of

his former self. A winter's exile in Italy was considered indispensable by his physicians, and in August he started with his wife and child for the Eaux Bonnes, the waters of which place had been prescribed for him. His heart was sad at the thoughts of his lost career, and he was preoccupied by the prospect of his family being abandoned to the chances of an uncertain and sombre future. His submissive resignation, however, never failed him, and he was ready to exclaim, *Que Dieu soit béni*, whether it pleased God to purify him by prolonged suffering, or to restore his health and grant him more days on earth, that he might serve Him better.

One of his youngest disciples, for whom he had a special affection, had the consolation of being with him at the Eaux Bonnes. This young man was entering upon life with brightly dawning hopes, while Ozanam, with sad forebodings for the future, looked back on years that were spent, and days that had been lost; but, both were ill—ill of the same fatal malady, and both, as they walked together on the beautiful mountain-paths, were led from nature to nature's God, and their conversation often turned on death, and a future eternity of bliss.

Before quitting the Pyrenees, Ozanam visited the birthplace of the patron of the society he had founded, and saw the old oak tree under which St. Vincent de Paul, as a shepherd boy, had sheltered himself whilst tending his sheep. He had intended making a tour in Spain, including a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, but his delicate health, and the cold and inclement weather, prevented his getting further than Burgos.

From the abundant notes which he brought back from this journey, he composed his last work, which was finished only a few weeks before his death, at a time when he could not write more than two or three lines without being obliged to rest. He called it, *Un pèlerinage au pays du Cid*, and far from its showing any signs of increasing feebleness, no one of his books is more remarkable for variety of style and liveliness of imagination, and we find him in it by turns the witty and amusing tourist, the inspired poet, the learned scholar, and the fervent Christian.

Pisa was chosen for his winter residence, and though at first his friends hoped that the progress of his malady had been arrested, the unusually cold and trying weather of that year disappointed their fond illusions.

Ozanam was received at Pisa with a cordiality and kindness seldom shown to strangers; his works on Dante were well known and highly approved, and had been already more than once translated. He was allowed free access to the valuable library of sixty thousand volumes, and many of his hours were spent there in laborious researches, in copying, and in collecting materials for his book on the Civilization of Italy from the Fifth Century to the Thirteenth, which, alas! he was destined never to finish. He greatly desired to complete this work, which had been, in fact, the object of his life. But as M. Ampère said—"More beautiful than the constancy with which he carried out this plan from his youth, is the sacrifice of this plan, and of his life itself, to the divine will."

It was a consolation to Ozanam during this winter of illness and suffering to be able to promote with activity the cause of the society that was so dear to him, and which had been the first work of his life. Already, in 1847, he had made it known in Tuscany, and he found, as he says, "seven families of St. Vincent de Paul" flourishing there on his return. Still the Grand Duke was somewhat prejudiced

against the society, and did not cordially encourage its establishment. Ozanam, however, obtained a personal interview with the Dowager Grand Duchess, who was then at Pisa, and pleaded his cause so eloquently that a few days later the Grand Duke gave his long-withheld authorization to the Conference at Florence, as well as to those at Leghorn and Pisa. In the spring, Ozanam went to Siena with the intention of establishing a Conference there, but he had the sorrow of returning without success. He was deeply grieved at this failure. "It seems," he said, "as if God would no longer bless my exertions." He determined, however, to make a last appeal, and in August he wrote a long letter from Antignano to his friend the Père Pendola, rector of the College at Siena, begging him to make another attempt. A fortnight after he received an answer, and to his great joy he read these words, "My dear friend, to-day, the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, I have founded two Conferences, one in my College, and one in the town."

On the last day of August, accompanied by his wife and child, and his two brothers, Ozanam left the little village of Antignano, on the seacoast, where they had been staying for some time. As he went out of the house they had occupied, he took off his hat, and raising his eyes to heaven, said this prayer, "My God, I thank Thee for the sufferings and the trials that Thou hast sent me in this dwelling; accept them in expiation of my sins." Then turning to his wife, he said, "I wish you to bless God with me for my sufferings;" and throwing himself into her arms, he added, "I bless Him also for the consolations which He has given me."

On his homeward voyage to France, he gazed with regret on the picturesque shores of that Italy he loved so passionately. Still when the coast of Provence came in sight, he was consoled by the thought that he was now certain of seeing his dear country again, and that before he died he should be able to commit his beloved wife to the affectionate care of her own family. He had a longing desire to see Paris once more, for he had old and dear friends there, and he was attached to it by many memories of the past. But this wish was not to be gratified; the end was very near, and so long a journey was impossible. It pleased God to spare him very severe suffering during the last days, and it was in this state of calm that he received the last sacraments of the Church of which he had been so faithful a defender and champion. The priest having recommended him to have confidence in God, he answered, "Oh, why should I fear Him? I love Him so much." When these solemn rites were accomplished, he sank into a sleep which seemed the harbinger of death. He only woke up now and then to bless or to thank those who were round his bed, smiling to one, putting out his hand to another. On the morning of his death, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, he opened his eyes, raised his arms, and said, in a loud voice, "My God, my God, have mercy on me!" He sank back on his pillow, and breathed his last.

His friends have raised the most fitting monument to his memory. As Lacordaire says, they chose neither marble nor bronze, but his own writings, and they have with faithful and respectful hands, collected all his works, his scattered notes and his letters, into a series of eleven volumes, which will make his name known to, and honored by, posterity. A valuable testimony is borne to his erudition and brilliant talents in a preface to these volumes written by the learned Ampére, son of Ozanam's first patron, and his constant friend.

CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

MONUMENTAL TESTIMONY, DERIVED FROM GEOGRAPHY, IN FAVOR OF MOSES.

VIII.

The geographical part of the Scripture is undoubtedly the driest of all, yet of the most inestimable value in relation to historical truth. Geography sets everything in order, and renders truth palpable, and this is remarkable in the book of Genesis showing us the origin and progress of nations. We find, indeed, in the Mosaic narrative places and people obscured by the remoteness of time; but among the things mentioned that which remains recognizable in times of fresher date, justifies the history by an extent of knowledge, proving the writer to be either inspired or informed by a faithful tradition. The same exactness is never found in profane writers who are always liable to the reproach of fables or mistakes. Thus, for example, Homer being intent on giving a very grand description of Egypt, begins by placing the isle of Pharo at a day's journey from the main land, whereas, three hundred years after his time, it was as contiguous as it is at the present day. The judicious Livy, born in Padua at the foot of the Alps, was ignorant of the site and name of a well-known river that runs at the other side of the mountains, for in his recital of the journey of Hannibal he confounds the Isara, that crossed the country of the Allobroges, with the Durance, that falls much lower down into the Rhone.

Curtius, who was much distinguished by his elegant latinity, and varied erudition, makes a very narrow piece of land the separation of the coast of Pontus from that of Cilicia, converting into an isthmus a land which is, in fact, above a hundred and twenty leagues wide. We might quote many other mistakes of the same kind, which are surprising in men of literature, and at times when commerce and military expeditions had cleared away every obscurity. By what privilege can Moses and subsequent sacred writers have conveyed so much exactness in that crowd of local positions, which are not naturally obvious, are beyond the knowledge of common capacities, and about which the most sagacious men are apt to commit mistakes for want of memory and instruction? Here is a man, who, fifteen hundred years before the age of Augustus and the spreading of literature, ventures to describe the infancy of the world, and the division of the whole earth between the children and grandchildren of Noah. The territory he assigns to Japhet is towards the north of Asia, and chiefly towards the isles and the maritime countries, which have since that time been called Asia Minor and Europe. In fact the Europeans have never forgotten that they descended from Japhet; they always call him their common father. Ham or Cham went, according to the book of Genesis, with his tribe towards the south into Africa, and profane authors tell us that there he has been always famous under the name of Hammon. The Hebrew books, which alone came to us from Asia, have always acknowledged Shem for the ancestor of their own nation, and of the greater part of Asiatic people. We recognize the reality of this settlement

in Asia, by the situation of the descendants of Shem on both sides of the Euphrates: and this division of the earth between three sons is even found in the Poets, notwithstanding the nonsense and folly of their fables. If we follow those patriarchs in their dispersion we shall find them under another aspect. Rome did not yet exist, and all Europe was sunk in the darkest barbarism. Greece became inhabited at great distances by families in a straggling condition, full of jealousy and distrust. The wants and acts of violence, that drove them from place to place, not only made them lose the knowledge and application of useful inventions, and the thread of their history, but their degeneracy through all these fortuitous changes of place and circumstances was so great that they were ignorant whether they dropped from heaven, or came out of the rocks; there was not any cunning Darwin or facetious Huxley to enlighten them with a guess that *maybe* they were improved monkeys, or, like Miss Topsy, grew from a sponge or an oyster-shell. The ages were dark when the luminous Thompson of the British Scientific (?) Association did not appear to account for the origin of the human race in the smashing up of an old comet, its scattered fragments on our globe gradually vegetating into men, barnacles, potatoes, and so forth.

But the East preserved the remembrances of its origin and theirs. The invention of a small number of letters representing sounds were added to the symbolic signs that had been used in all ages for mutual understanding. The first use Moses makes of this invention, is the preservation of the knowledge of the beginning and progress of mankind to his own time. He distinguishes every branch of the human family, and assigns the portions of each continent chosen for habitation. He brings towards the maritime countries of the north and west, Madai, Iaon, Mosec, Thiras, Ascenes, Elisa, Modanium, and all their kindred. We find, in reality, in aftertimes the nation of the Medes along the coast of the Caspian Sea, and alongside of them he places Mosoc. In the following ages, these were found again, though more advanced towards the north, under the names of Muscovites and Russians; Ascenes settled in Phrygia, near another sea, gave it the name of Euxine, which it has constantly preserved, whilst towns and rivers of the neighboring coast have had the name of Ascania, of the same derivation; and the princes who reigned there were ambitious of being called Ascanians. On the opposite shore we find Thiras, who gave his name to the Thracians. The situation of Iaon is not dubious; he is the father of the Ionians, whom the Scripture generally confounds with the Grecians. Now, the ancient Ionia was very different from the Ionian colony which in course of time returned to Asia, extended as far as the Peloponnesus. We may find again near this Iaon some of his children, among whom were Dodanim and Elisa; but near Ionia in Epirus (now Albania) was the famous country of Dodona; and the habitation of Elisa or Elis, the finest part of the Peloponnesus, was on the other side of the isthmus. We shall add to this slight specimen of exactness but one single proof of the accuracy of those positions. One of the Jewish writers (Ezekiel) who continued the Scripture and work of Moses informs us of the commodities which these different countries used to send to the Tyrian fairs; and he points out the place where the bulk of the family of Elisa dwelt, by telling us that the finest flax and fine purple were brought thence to Tyre. Now it was at Elis in the Peloponnesus

that they gathered and prepared the finest flax; and it was at Tenarus, a promontory of the same peninsula, that they dyed with shellfish the fine purple of Laconia. Moses, then, was right when he placed most of those colonies which were related to each other in the maritime countries.

The truthful historian, with similar assurance, shows us the places of abode of the families of Shem in the heart of Asia, and of the families descended from Cham from the banks of the Tigris away to the lower portions of Africa. Several hundred years posterior to Moses many monuments noticed by writers and nations that never knew him justify all and every part of his distribution. Thus the tenth chapter of the book of Genesis is by itself the most precious collection of geography upon the earth. It comes from a man well informed of everything, who had a connection of intelligence with the origin of whatever concerns the west, the north, the centre, and the borders of Asia, all Arabia, Phenicia, Palestine, Egypt, and Africa. It is by him, in short, that all nations know whence they came. This illustrious man, who had them all in view, not only teaches them their origin, otherwise rendered obscure by fables full of impiety and puerility, but with wise discernment he selects such historical facts as were important and necessary for information. Having done this, he busies himself solely with the history of his own people, and instructs them alone, so that they may always be an exhibition of divine providence, and a living school for all other nations.

An upright mind cannot refuse to acknowledge that in the several origins of the world, in the affairs of the Hebrews, and in all the narratives of Moses, and of those who came after him, the monuments give perfect evidence of the facts and positions set forth. We do not find, indeed, all that a vain curiosity would desire to know, but we have the whole necessary instruction, without the possibility of any one article being proved false. Even those persons who have seeming difficulties concerning the inspiration of these books must acknowledge that Scripture is the light of our historical erudition when profane writers leave us in the dark. The Scripture is our refuge; and we have no surer informant to fix places, dates, customs, and facts.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
Firmer in health and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive. And am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible I live?
Alive by miracle; or what is next,
Alive by MEED! if I am still alive,
Who long have buried what gives life to life,—
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.

THE EVENT OF MY LIFE.

THE good or evil fortune of a whole lifetime is often linked with some apparently fortuitous circumstance. The following event of my life is an instance of this; to it I owe the great measure of happiness and prosperity I now enjoy.

On one cold foggy evening in the month of November I was walking through one of our crowded thoroughfares, and had paused a few moments to admire a picture which was displayed in one of the shop windows, when I felt a slight pull at my coat, and, on turning round to ascertain the cause, discovered a little boy standing by my side. His feet were naked and blue and purple from the cold, and his dress, though clean, was torn and shabby. Yet as I looked upon his handsome features something within me seemed to say he was no ordinary beggar, and when he turned his timid, intelligent eyes upon me I could not avoid being interested. He looked in my face inquiringly, and I could see his lips quiver and a burning glow suffuse his pale face, while at the same instant his eyes filled with tears. He tried to speak, but could not articulate a word, and covering his face with both hands he gave vent to a few convulsive sobs which shook his little frame. The hot tears oozed through his fingers, and I became really affected by the little fellow's distress. I spoke to him in the kindest tone I could assume, saying as I laid my hand lightly on his head—

"My little man, do not cry so bitterly, but tell me what is the matter."

He looked up with a reassured expression of countenance, but did not speak until I again bade him tell me his story.

"Yes, sir, I'll tell you," he replied, "because you are kind. Ma's been sick a long, long time, and now Mary's sick too, and she can't sew, and there's no fire and no bread, and I came out to—to—," his voice faltered and he averted his blushing face.

"Well, never mind," I said, noticing his reluctance to say "beg." "But can you take me to your home and let me see your mother and sister. I may do them good; I am a doctor?"

The child's face brightened wonderfully, and he replied—

"Yes, sir, I can take you, but it's very poor," eyeing me anxiously.

I bade him show me the way, and he led me through several narrow dirty streets and at last into a court of five houses, three of which were unoccupied.

"This is our house, sir," said my little guide as he stopped before the most decent-looking tenement in the court. He was about to enter when I stopped him, and putting half a crown into his hand directed him to procure some candles, coals, and eatables, while I waited his return at the end of the court. The little fellow's surprise and joy were almost amusing, and his expression of thanks, coming warm and sincere from his overflowing heart, were to me more eloquent than the most elaborate and studied sentences in which older, and, perhaps, wiser people, endeavor to express their gratitude for benefits bestowed.

The boy had not been absent more than five minutes when he returned completely laden. Taking a candle from him I entered the house and lit it immediately on gaining the interior. I glanced around the apartment, and certain-

ly its appearance was such as to inspire one with a feeling of desolation. The paper, which had once adorned the walls, hung in dirty, tattered pieces, here and there exposing portions of the black and damp wall beneath. But the room was empty, and before I could make any remark the boy said "Up stairs, sir, this way," and he was ascending. We soon gained the landing, and the boy running into the room, exclaimed—

"Oh, ma, God is good, as you said this morning. Look here what I've got: plenty of everything. Mary, you will grow well again now, I'm sure."

The woman whom he addressed as "ma" lay upon a mattress in one corner of the bare cheerless room, and bore upon her features the stamp of long and keen suffering of mind and body. She whom he addressed as Mary lay upon another pallet. She was pale and emaciated, still I could see that under other circumstances she would have been very beautiful. There was that indescribable something about them, poverty-stricken as they were, which indicates unmistakably the presence of education and refinement.

I was standing in the middle of the room with the lighted candle still in my hand when the eyes of both the sick women rested upon me with looks full of gratitude. The elder spoke and her voice was weak and faltering—

"I have no doubt, sir," she said, "that we owe this timely relief, under God's providence, to your bounty."

"Yes, ma," exclaimed the boy, "this gentleman done it all. He gave me the money and he's going to cure you and Mary."

"Good sir," resumed the sick woman, "this kindness overpowers me. You do not know how much this succor was needed or you would not wonder that my thankfulness is too deep for words."

Having spoken thus with considerable effort she sank back exhausted and breathing quickly.

I stepped to her side and having requested her to be silent on that matter informed her that I was a physician, and would be happy to render to her and her daughter such aid as I might.

She thanked me warmly, assuring me at the same time, that her health now was but little worse than it had been for two or three years, except weakness for want of nourishment; "but," she added, "my daughter lying here has been lately taken ill, and, I fear, seriously. She indeed needs your kind attention."

I passed to the side of Mary's pallet and dropping on one knee, requested to hold her hand.

The pulse was slowly and faintly throbbing. I asked a few questions and was soon convinced that her illness was entirely owing to want of sustenance, the truth being that she had almost starved herself to death to secure bread to her mother and brother.

I was profoundly touched.

I had thought such exalted devotion and self-abnegation scarcely existed in these days of selfishness.

Telling them I should go out to procure some necessary things and would shortly return, I left the house, lighted and escorted by the boy as far as the end of the court.

Having procured what I considered needful in the medical way, and a bottle of good wine, I again sought my patients, whom, after some trouble, I succeeded in finding.

When I entered I was surprised at the change which had taken place in the appearance of the room and of the invalids during my short absence. A fire was blazing in the grate, little John's red and perspiring face showing by what means it had been kindled so expeditious-

ly, and the new hope which had sprung up in the hearts of Mary and her mother, combined with the assurance of present succor, acted like a charm upon them.

Having spent some minutes in conversation with my patients, and given directions as to how the medicine was to be used, I took my leave, admonishing them not to spare the wine, as it was the best remedy in this case, and promising to call upon them the next day.

When I reached the main street once more I had time for reflection; and, as I reviewed the occurrences of the last half hour, I smiled to think how I had become the hero of a real, and an interesting adventure. I could not repress a feeling of more than ordinary interest in that afflicted family, and even as I sauntered homeward the thin pale face of Mary arose before my mind's eye.

A few weeks after that night I called at the rooms of Mrs. Fleming, in a respectable locality, and was received with every mark of the warmest friendship. The room which I entered was occupied by two persons: the first an elderly woman of lady-like appearance; the second a young woman of remarkable personal attractions, whose pale thoughtful face was replete with that calm, dignified beauty which is so rare even amongst the most admired. With nut-brown hair that fell in ringlets upon her shoulders, and deep-blue eyes full of a mild soft lustre, she was seated beside a table covered with various pieces of needlework. She was busily plying her needle when I entered, but immediately laid her work aside to welcome me.

Of course the reader will readily recognize the invalids of the miserable court-house. They had rapidly attained to convalescence under my care, and I had happily succeeded in procuring them some very remunerative work.

In answer to my inquiry concerning the health of all, the young woman replied that they were well. I shook the hand she frankly extended to me, and merely expressing my pleasure in her improved health, passed over to her mother and soon became interested in her conversation.

A period of six months had passed. My patients were now beyond all need of my professional skill, but still I was almost a daily visitor. I hardly knew why, but somehow their house always came on my daily round of calls, and it was not unnatural that I, with only two live things in my house, my dog and my housekeeper, should find companionship at Mrs. Fleming's, the only educated people in my neighborhood, a real solace. One day I entered, she looked up smiling through some recent tears, and in answer to the inquiring look she saw in my eyes, she said—

"Ah! you find me a little in the blues. It is a day of sad yet happy memories, it is my wedding-day. Why it is a curious coincidence," she continued, pointing to a lily of the valley I wore in my button-hole. That flower suggests to me many memories, some joyful, and some sorrowful. It was the favorite flower of my dear husband, and when in season he always wore them. We both wore them on the day of our marriage. Here Mrs. Fleming allowed her head to droop a little and sighed audibly. "I remember, too," she resumed as if communing with herself, "the morning he came home looking so pale and wild, and brought us the news of his ruin: he wore them then, and he had a larger bunch than usual on that day." She again relapsed into silence and as her abstraction seemed likely to continue for some time, I left her side as noiselessly as possible and went over to Mary. There was a tear upon her cheek, and her eyes were

full to overflowing. I took her hand in mine, and as I gazed upon the lovely sorrowful face, I felt that I loved her, wondering even then that I had not discovered it before. I spoke the gentlest words I could command and she looked up with a sweet smile. Our eyes met, and she must have read in mine what was passing in my thoughts, for her own fell, and I could perceive a blush rising and mantling her face to the temples. I spoke of the unreasonableness of cherishing regrets for the irrevocable past.

"There are claimants for your love," I continued. "Your mother and brother still demand your tender care and affection; and even I, bold as it may appear, desire a place in your heart."

I was very bold; indeed I was becoming quite reckless. She looked up and there was a bright flush upon her cheek, and a heightened lustre in her eye.

"You must know, sir, that I never can forget you. I will always pray for you, and bless you, for you are indeed a noble and a generous friend."

"No, Mary," I replied, "it is not that I seek; it is much more. The friendly interest your goodness and beauty first inspired has deepened into love, strong and sincere. I feel now that without you my life would be deprived of a blessing, and stripped of its dearest charm."

While I spoke Mary's eyes were fixed upon the floor, the long drooping lashes effectually concealing them, and I thought I could perceive a tremor agitate her frame. However that may be, I know the hand I held in mine was trembling. She still remained silent.

"You don't speak," I resumed, "and I cannot interpret your silence." She raised her blushing face, and in her eyes I read all that I could wish.

By some chance I looked toward the window, and there, with a quiet smile upon her face, sat Mrs. Fleming, silently watching all that passed. Soon as our eyes met she spoke.

"Your heart is noble and good," she said, "but Mary is worthy of you. I am very happy; and I pray the Almighty to bless you both."

A few months afterwards we were married, when I settled down, deeply conscious of the truth of the adage, "A good deed never goes unrewarded," yet firmly believing that no good deed had ever been rewarded with such plenitude of earthly bliss as mine.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

The revival of pilgrimages appears to excite the ire and derision of our Protestant fellow-countrymen. We are accused of restoring exploded mediæval superstitious practices, and of reawakening a devotion which is out of harmony with the life and habits of our own day. What shall we say in reply to these sarcasms? What reasons can we give for reverting to the old fountains of the ages of faith to slake our thirst, instead of remaining satisfied with the empty cisterns of cold modern usage? We could easily show them that the Church is the same now as then, and that the needs of her children must be of the same nature and capable of being supplied by the same food. But, after all, we may be content to rest our argument upon a higher basis, and to treat the subject upon its own

intrinsic merits; for, to say the truth, the modern pilgrimage differs so completely from its mediæval predecessor in its externals that we are inclined so far to admit the justice of their taunt as to allow that were we to regard the former as a copy of the latter we should be guilty of a gross anachronism. But, on the other hand, if we view the modern pilgrimage as an institution *per se*, a creation of the age of railways and steamers, of the century of locomotion, when every one travels for business and for pleasure, what can be more natural than that the devout should journey for purposes of devotion?

And what can be more accordant with our religious instincts as Christians than to visit the localities hallowed by the associations of our faith? Pilgrimage is no mere mediæval institution, nor indeed is it even (to use a contemporary expression) a "specialty" of Christianity itself. Every religion claiming an historical origin is almost necessarily possessed of some venerated locality connected with its origin and eliciting the devotion of its disciples. Thus the Buddhists, Jains, Hindoos, and Mohammedans have their shrines and pilgrimages—the latter manifestly in imitation of the creeds from which Mohammed borrowed his system; for with the Hebrews the pilgrimage was a divine institution, dating from the time of Moses, and obligatory upon every fullgrown male in Israel at least once a year. And with the early Christians it was a sacred usage, perpetuated from Judaism and most consonant with the faith of those who believed in the Incarnation of God and His sojourn in certain localities upon the earth, which must of necessity have been hallowed by His sacred presence. In the first centuries of Christianity the pilgrimage to the sacred places in the Holy Land was almost as much an established institution, so to speak, as the Hadj to Mecca is still among the Moslems. The Easterns, both Catholics and schismatics, have retained this pious usage, and there is scarcely a Greek or Russian peasant who does not look forward to a visit to the Holy Sepulchre as an object to be accomplished at some period or other before he dies.

The Western nations, whilst retaining the theory, relaxed from the practice of the pilgrimage to Jerusalem owing to the almost insuperable difficulties which arose in the way of its fulfilment. Even in the sixth and seventh centuries, those who left our shores for the Holy Land were few compared with the numbers who visited the tombs of the Apostles and martyrs in Rome. During the Saxon Heptarchy, and down to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the pilgrimage to Rome had become a settled institution among our forefathers. Peter the Hermit's expedition may be regarded as an attempt to re-establish on its ancient footing the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre; and under the ægis of the Crusaders, during the eleventh and following centuries, numbers of Western pilgrims flocked to the sacred sanctuaries of our faith. Contemporaneously with these more important devotional efforts, almost every locality furnished some object deserving the veneration of the faithful. The tombs of the martyrs were widely diffused, and the Incarnate God did not leave Himself without witnesses of His abiding presence in His Church by miraculous interpositions enkindling the devotion of His disciples. Our Blessed Lady was the principal instrument in these manifestations of divine power, since it became her who had first engendered the Man-God to revive His presence in the hearts of men. Thus there are sanctu-

aries of the Madonna in every land, nay, in almost every province and diocese of the Catholic Church. They arose at the very dawn of Christianity, as at Tortosa and Chartres, springing into existence during each successive age down to our nineteenth century, which has witnessed the commencement of Notre Dame des Victoires, La Salette, and Lourdes. Nationalities had their special pilgrimages, as St. James of Compostella for Spain; St. Thomas of Canterbury for England; our Lady of Loretto for Italy; our Lady of Chartres and St. Martin for France; and our Lady of Einsiedeln for the German-speaking races. There is nothing, however, exclusive or insular about the spirit of pilgrimage; it is on the contrary most cosmopolitan, for it tends to soften down local prejudices and to bring together Christians of all nations, mingling them as brethren.

When people talk of the revival of pilgrimages, they appear to be speaking in ignorance of the fact that they were never extinct. There may be countries in which they have languished or died out; but the Church has always perpetuated the institution, which has continued to flourish down to our own days, not only in Spain and Italy, but among the more educated populations of Germany and Switzerland. Indeed, nowhere is the pilgrimage to be witnessed in greater perfection than at the shrine of Maria Einsiedeln, our Lady of the Hermits, which is annually visited by no fewer than one hundred and sixty thousand pilgrims, and, in certain years, by as many as two hundred and ten thousand. No unprejudiced person can visit that sanctuary on its principal anniversary (the 14th of September) without being struck with astonishment and at the same time favorably impressed by this extraordinary gathering of the faithful of various regions, assembled to seek help, consolation, and the salvation of their souls. There is no sham about the pilgrimages to Einsiedeln. The hundred and sixty thousand peasants who throng its sanctuary during the summer months travel thither for the most part at a considerable sacrifice to themselves. They are all of them in thorough earnest, and are drawn thither by a fervor of faith which it is impossible to gainsay. To be convinced of this, it is enough to stand within the vast interior of the church, thronged with groups of worshippers, whose constant hum of prayer sounds like the murmur of running waters. They pray like men whose souls are absorbed in their petition, and their fervor is so infectious that it awakens a like sentiment in the indifferent and the callous. The infidel Goethe visited Einsiedeln, and records the effect of its devotion upon his own mind, and his words show that even his skeptical nature was overcome by the contact of the sacred locality.

If we are asked why pilgrims visit shrines, we must admit that they are attracted to them by a conviction that God has willed to dispense His bounties and graces in greater profusion in those places than elsewhere; that our immaculate Mother works exceptional wonders at her sanctuaries of Loretto, Einsiedeln, La Salette, Lourdes, and a hundred other favored spots; that as the waters of Jordan were rendered more efficacious than the rivers of Damascus, and the bones of the prophet were powerful to raise the dead to life, so the holy wells and sacred shrines of Christendom have been endowed by God with similar miraculous effects. The doctrine of the Incarnation rationally includes that arbitrary consecration of material nature which the Catholic Church accepts as part of her supernatural system. This is no superstition,

unless the Incarnation itself be such, which even our Protestant fellow-countrymen would, we rejoice to think, deem it a blasphemy to assert. However, the pilgrimage possesses, in addition to its primary pious purpose, certain utilitarian objects which have tended to its continuance and revival. In former times, and even yet in certain Catholic countries, the obligation of confession is occasionally attended with a practical difficulty for which the Church has found a variety of remedies. Where the only available confessor is the parish priest, and where, owing to the infirmities of human nature, the penitent and his pastor are at variance, the missioner steps in and reconciles the sinner to God and the parishioner to his priest. But organized missions are a comparatively recent invention, and supply a want which, in the middle ages, was satisfied by the wandering friars, but more generally and efficaciously by the pilgrimages. This is one of the principal functions fulfilled by the great sanctuary of Einsiedeln, where the "penitentiary," a chapel to the left of the choir, is crammed during the summer months with a crowd of fifteen hundred pilgrims at a time, who throng it from four in the morning until eight at night, each awaiting his turn to enter one of the twenty-eight confessionals which it contains.

But the modern pilgrimage, which the Holy Father has especially enjoined upon Christians at this day, has other purposes to fulfil, which render it incumbent upon every Catholic who can possibly make the sacrifice to unite in this devotion. In the first place, the pilgrimage is enjoined upon us as a protest, in the sight of the world, in favor of God's supernatural government of the universe, and against the cold blighting skepticism of our age. As an overt act of faith the railway pilgrimage is every bit as efficacious as the toilsome progression of former times, which is rarely compatible with the requirements of our present social system. It is essential that Catholics should cast aside all that human respect and timid subserviency to the false maxims of the day which have been the bane of the faithful in every country in Europe. They must assert themselves and their principles in the face of a scoffing world. Their past timidity has been the sole cause of the triumph of an infidel minority in the countries of the Latin race, and that same cowardly spirit has enabled Bismarck, Beust, and Andrassy to trample on the Church in Teutonic lands.

. . . . . The pilgrimage offers an opportunity to show our colors and to proclaim our antagonism to the world. This is one use of the institution; another, which is even more obviously practical, is the fact of its uniting Catholics together, and thus awakening them to a sense of their unity and force. In France the effect has already been conspicuous. It is no exaggeration to assert that the whole change which has taken place in France during the last twelve months has been accomplished by the pilgrimages. A year ago it appeared as if M. Thiers's life were the only barrier between order and the Commune; but now the Catholics and Conservatives are lifting up their heads, and everybody looks forward in confidence to a restoration of the glorious old Monarchy of Charlemagne and St. Louis in the person of Henry V. Far be it from us to question the secret dealings of God's overruling providence in converting the hearts of men; but there is, nevertheless, a natural way of accounting for the change. The mass of the French people were always Conservative, and never anti-Catholic, but, like the

Italians and Spaniards, were cowed by the skeptical minority. The Catholics were timid, and utterly ignorant of their strength. The recent pilgrimages have thrown them together, and have thus at the same time made them better acquainted with each other, and awakened them to a sense of their numerical force. We are invited by our bishops to take part in a similar devotion. The most Sacred Heart of our Redeemer has been the object of especial insult and contumely of late, and we are called upon to unite in doing honor to it in the sanctuary where this devotion was revealed to Blessed Margaret Mary. To fail in responding to this appeal, without a really sufficient cause, were to exhibit a want of Catholic fervor which, in these days of persecution, almost amounts to disloyalty to the Church and her venerable Head, our Sovereign Pontiff, who has so strongly recommended pilgrimages as the remedy for the evils with which Europe is afflicted.

MATIN HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF OUR LADY'S PURITY, THIRD SUNDAY OF OCTOBER.

STELLA JACOB FULGIDA.

STAR of Jacob, brightly beaming,
As the rising orb of day,
Mid the stars of heaven gleaming,
Glows than thine no purer ray.

Clad in robes of lustrous whiteness,
Heaven's hosts unto thee sing,
With the story of thy brightness,
E'er the virgin choirs ring.

Bending at thy feet they offer
Roses bright and lilies fair,
But no flower that they proffer
With thy chaste breast can compare.

With the angels' song combining
May our earth its poor voice raise,
And to where the stars are shining,
Sound, pure Virgin, thy sweet praise.

Jesus, unto Thee be glory,
Whom this Virgin-Mother bore;
Praising ages swell the story
Of the Trinity e'ermore.

BLESSED MARY, HOLY MOTHER OF CONSOLATION.

THE Church being continually influenced by Divine Spirit appointed to teach it all truth, and having from the same spirit a vivid "*remembrance of all things Christ commanded to be observed*," is necessarily engaged in active comprehension of the fulness of grace, blessing the Immaculate Virgin Mother of the world's Redeemer. Moreover, as the Church, in the words of St. Paul, is "*the Spouse of Christ*," she finds motive for fervid admiration in the privileges beautifying the Mother of her adorable Lord. Hence it is that, not only from generation unto generation, Mary is "hailed blessed," but from month to month we are invited to the sanctuary to honor her who is so intimately connected with all mysteries of our faith, that we cannot name Jesus without thinking of Mary of whom He was born. It is in this expansion of thought, arising from a contemplation of Mary's blessedness, that we find the reason for those numerous titles given to the most sacred servant of the Lord. No sooner do we adore the Lord of life, who has enthroned our humanity along with His divine nature, than we recognize the nobility of kindred emanating from that celestial domain, and we hail Mary *Queen of Heaven*. Thenceforward she comes into view, even unto the very verge of despair, where she is found *the Refuge of Sinners;* and throughout all our relations to creative power and redeeming mercy she bears a title corresponding with the honor conferred by heaven, and demanded by the reverence of earth. The title, "*Holy Mother of Consolation*," is certainly most sacred and significant, it being derived from the appointment of our loving Redeemer, and applied by the Church to the happiest condition of the household of the faith. So surely as we look upwards on yonder sky we see the friendly star announcing the approaching day, and again at evening mildly gleaming through the falling shadows of sombre night. Thus, too, in the firmament of our hopes, the eye of faith, when looking reverently on the sun of eternal justice, perceives in the morning dawn of Bethlem, and in the evening clouds of Calvary, Mary, a star of heavenly light, over whose maternity angels sang, and who stood so nobly by the cross, when startled nature groaned forth the knell of the dying Saviour. How admirable her life and actions appear during the long series of years intervening between the incarnation of the Divine Word, and the public ministry of Christ! In her was seen a new creation, a renovation of the earth, for through her was born Him, by whom all things were made, who, like the first Adam, had no earthly father, yet was truly the Son of man. She bore in her arms, and nourished with a mother's love, the Emanuel —God with us—who was the expectation and hope of all ages. Confided to her care He lived the days of his youth, yielded to her guardianship, and enjoyed her society until his thirtieth year. Until then she alone pondered silently in her heart the miracle of divine incarnation, the exalted dignity, and wonderful mission of the Messiah. Most truly and devoutly do we hail her "Mother most Admirable!"

Would another mother have remained in seclusion and solitude, whilst the multitude praised and honored the wise, the merciful, all-powerful Christ, and then come

forward when He was covered with shame, to declare herself the mother of Him who was scorned as a fool and condemned as a malefactor? It was Mary who chose for herself this self-denial. She was not present on Mount Thabor when her son was clothed with glory. On Calvary, where the horrors of death surrounded Him, she witnessed His humiliation. During His triumphant entrance into Jerusalem she remained in secret at Bethania; but in the melancholy procession, where our Lord tottered beneath the cross, she was seen weeping. Being the humble handmaid of the Lord of Mercy, she was willing to be seen and known as the consoling mother of the afflicted.

When the awful time which Jesus was wont to call "*His hour*," had arrived: when all that Mary had feared, and seen rising like dark clouds before her tortured imagination burst forth as a hurricane: when the virgin mother looked upon the man of grief hanging on a tree, did she droop in hopeless anguish? No: far above all the women of the earth Mary "*stood by the cross.*" With the intense look of maternal vigilance she gazed upon her Son and *stood* on Golgotha, the mountain-summit of dreary woe. The rude taunts of the Gentile soldiery, the derision of the Jewish rabble, the heartless scorn of perjured Levites, the blasphemous yelling of all the enemies of the Lamb, raged around her like the howl of the whirlwind; *she stood by the cross.* Tears rolled down, enough almost to extinguish the pulse of life, but they were mingled with the blood streaming from the cross by which *she stood.* Mortal anguish thrilled through every fibre, grief even as a seven-edged sword pierced her soul; a grief that caused the earth to quake, and with throbs burst the rocks to echo the sighs of the tempest of death, she wavered not, *she stood by the cross.* Then the Saviour looked upon her: He thought of all our wants for which He wept when first He lay on Mary's bosom in the stable of Bethlem: He thought of all our distress which He felt when fasting in the wilderness, when bathed in the bloody sweat of Gethsemane; and having paid away the last treasure of His blood for our ransom, having nothing else left, He bequeathed to us the last consolation experienced from the Mother *standing by:* and in ecstasy of admiration for her consoling virtue, and in compassion for the poor exiled sons of Eve, He exclaims, "*Behold your Mother!*" (St. John 19 ch.)

A gift beyond all price has been thus bestowed by our loving Redeemer. The chosen one of all generations, the flower and ornament of the human race; the wonderful being in whom the mystery of a new creation, and the union of heaven and earth were effected, is our Mother! Under such parentage we become heirs to the fulness of her grace. Does the dawn of self-knowledge and repentance arise in the dark and sinful mind? Mary is the morning star that heralds in the light of grace. Has the sun of God's favor set in the unhappy heart through passion, error, or sinful habit? The evening star still shines; Mary warning, praying, alluring, still looks down upon the wandering sinner, oftentimes as the only ray of light amidst the universal gloom. It is she who awakens sinners. She is the friend of the innocent, the instructress of youth, the comfort of the suffering, the hope of the dying; she is the Merciful Mother of all men, for she is the Mother of the Man—God. Oh, Mother of Men, we all cry to thee, exiled children of Eve, from this vale of tears! Turn, oh! heavenly advocate, turn to us thine eyes; protect us in thy love, speak for our souls.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE VALIANT WOMAN. A Series of Discourses intended for the Use of Women Living in the World. By Mgr. Jean François Landriot, formerly Bishop of La Rochelle, and now Archbishop of Rheims. Translated by Helena Lyons. Boston: P. Donahoe, 1873. Received through P. F. Cunningham, 29 S. 10th Street.

We venture the assertion that not since the days of Saint Francis de Sales, has there issued from the pen of any writer, a religious work so charming in its style, so full of the unction of devotion, so rich in thought, yet so chaste in diction, as this book of the Archbishop of Rheims. While it is pre-eminently a work of the Salesian school of thought and piety, we feel almost like daring to make the declaration that without losing any of the *suaviter in modo* of the honey-bee of Geneva, it has if possible more of the *fortiter in re* than the saintly Swiss prelate possessed. While Monseigneur Landriot was Bishop of La Rochelle, prior to his elevation to the archepiscopal see of Rheims, he delivered to the ladies of the former city, married and single, the subject-matter of this compilation in the form of a series of conferences. He chose most appropriately for his text in the respective discourses, each verse of that charming chapter of the book of Proverbs in which King Lamuel's mother describes for the guidance of her son the characteristics of a valiant woman. No book could better supply a terrible need in the present age, and in our own country. France is blessed and safe while she has such prelates as its author, and such daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers as he is training. May America, equally blessed in this faultless translation of his noble utterances, be equally happy in the fruit of his labors. Those excellent societies, THE CHILDREN OF MARY and THE CHRISTIAN MOTHERS, are doing an immense good for the church and the world, and their members can draw strength and grace for the continuance of their labors from no better source than this fountain of the living waters of meditation.

We heartily thank the translator and publisher for their respective share in the work of reproducing the book, and are ourselves not only glad but honored in being able to recommend it.

SACRED ELOQUENCE: or, the Theory and Practice of Preaching. By Rev. Thomas J. Potter, Professor of Sacred Eloquence in the Foreign Missionary College of All Hallows. Third edition, carefully revised and corrected. Troy, N. Y.: P. J. Dooley, publisher, 182 and 272 River Street. 1873.

In the RECORD for October, 1872, we had the pleasure of recommending, in a more extended review than for which we can now spare space and time, a work of Father Potter's, similar in its purpose to the present one. We scarcely regret, however, our lack of ability to do equal justice to this volume, for a book on Sacred Eloquence which has already reached three editions in this country alone, and which bears a long list of recommendations from such oratorial lights as Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop Manning, Dr. Newman, a number of the bishops of Great Britain, and the presidents of such famous seats of learning as Maynooth, St. Mary's at Ascott, and St. Cuthbert's at Ushaw, scarcely needs any commendation from us; in fact, it seems almost like presumption to add any to that of those great names. The very fact that the author is Professor of Sacred Eloquence at All Hallows, or rather *was*, for the latest foreign mail brought us the news of his death, is enough of itself to say. We almost regret the old days when America was a missionary country, for then it reaped the benefit of the piety and learning dispensed from those classical retreats; but if the exigencies of the young church of America have as yet prevented our clergy from attending within due limits to the subject of pulpit oratory, surely the ecclesiastical advance made since the erection of the American hierarchate demand an improvement in the present style of preaching. Those, therefore, who had not the happiness of sitting at the feet of European masters in Sacred Eloquence, may reap the benefit of their teachings through such books as this. As the result of a cursory glance over its pages, we can say that the instruction is accurate and fulsome, and the style of inculcating it as charming as the eloquence it inculcates. For the rest, we can only say to patrons—READ IT, and you will find no objections to bring against it.

THE SELECT ORATIONS OF CICERO. Chronologically arranged, covering the entire period of his public life. Edited by J. H. and W. F. Allen and J. B. Greenough. Boston: Ginn Brothers, Publishers, 1873. Received through Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

We have here a new edition of the orations of Cicero, following the new *textus receptus* of Baiter and Kayser, "even when the editors would personally prefer a different reading."

We cannot say on the intrinsic merits of the text which reading we would prefer, but as far as our own personal tastes rule the question, we agree with the editors in favor of the old-time renditions of Cicero's royal sentiments. Neither do we at all fancy such changes as the elision of the second *i* of the genitive termination in the second declension, which final vowel the editors tell us must have been unknown to the greatest of Roman orators. Why unknown to him we are at a loss to discover, and have not time to investigate. Some of the orations have been judiciously abridged. All these points, however, are questions of taste, and do not detract from the merits of the work as a schoolbook, which we can cheerfully recommend. The notes are copious, and we presume generally correct. We are, however, particularly pleased with the explanatory historical synopsis which precedes each oration. The paper and printing is handsome and serviceable; the binding neat and durable.

THE HOUSE OF GOLD AND THE SAINT OF NAZARETH. A poetical life of St. Joseph. Rosa Mystica Series, Vol. III. By Marie Josephine. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 174 West Baltimore St., 1873.

The handsome style in which this book is issued reflects great credit on the publishers.

SKETCHES OF IRISH SOLDIERS IN EVERY LAND. By Colonel James E. Megee. New York: J. A. McGee, publisher, 7 Barclay Street, 1873.

The valor of the Irish race is so incontrovertible that it has made this people proverbially known as a nation of fighters. Ireland's sons have not only hallowed with their blood their green mother soil while defending her from the ruthless invader, but she has likewise "her fighting men abroad," on every land and every sea, not as hireling soldiery, but as grateful defender sons of those distant countries that gave them what her maternal heart was wrung in being forced to deny them—a home and an honest man's freedom. The work of Col. McGee is a compiled series of biographies of some of these gallant men, arranged, as far as conveniently they could be, so as to give in a necessarily small volume a fair representation as to successive periods of chronology and variety of locality, and thus, in the language of the author, "to cull as it were some flowers from the immortal garlands with which modern history has enwreathed the brow of Irish valor, and by presenting them in a well-assorted bouquet, to show the world, in miniature form, what grateful tributes have been offered to the exiled and long suffering children of Erin." It is an exceedingly readable book.

RAVELLINGS FROM THE WEB OF LIFE. By Grandfather Greenway. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1873. Received through Eugene Cummiskey, Philadelphia.

This is a compiled series of fireside tales of average merit and of Catholic tendency. They are mostly stories of American life—a healthy sign in the uprising Catholic literature of the day—and we think they will prove interesting to old and young readers during the coming winter nights.

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